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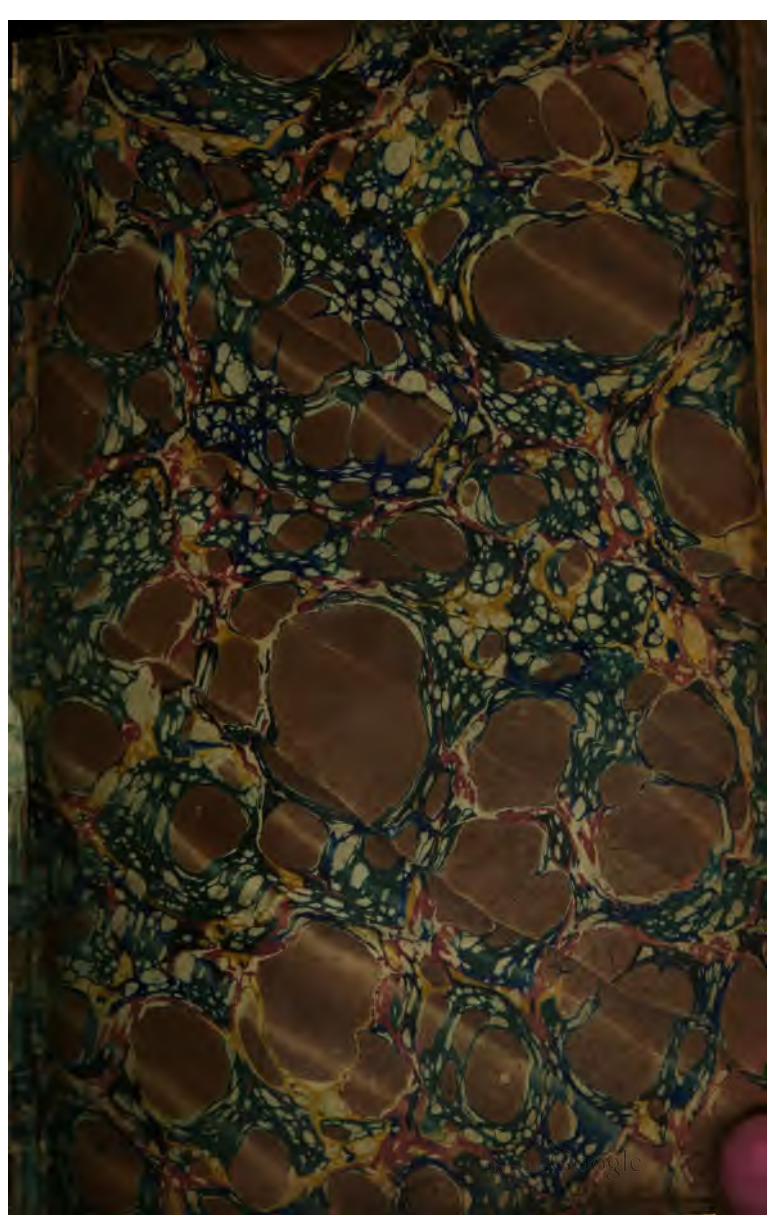
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POETICAL REMAINS

OF THE LATE

ALLAN STEWART. 1812-37,

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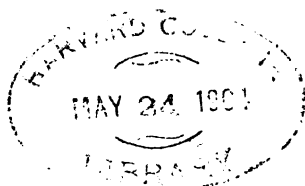
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

"MY TASK IS DONE—MY SONG HATH CEASED—MY THEME
HAS DIED INTO AN ECHO."

PAISLEY—PRINTED BY ALEX. GARDNER.

1838.

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Gift of English Dept.

TO
MRS. MAXWELL,
OF BREDILAND AND MERKSWORTH,
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
AS A MARK OF RESPECT FOR HER VIRTUES,
AS A LADY;
AND OF
ESTEEM FOR HER LITERARY TALENTS,
AS AN AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

IN presenting these pages to the public, it is hoped the Editors will not be accused of undue partiality towards the productions of one who was endeared to all who had the happiness of knowing him. Of their intrinsic excellence we shall only observe, that they contain nothing contrary to religion and virtue ; that some of the poems breathe the purest piety ; and *all* cause us to lament that one so gifted has been so soon withdrawn from this “world’s wilderness.” Had he lived a little longer, it is probable he would have held no mean place among the poets of his native land. This volume is, therefore, with respectful confidence, submitted to an enlightened public ; and we trust its perusal will not be productive of disappointment.

MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

It is generally acknowledged that the science of Botany has been brought to a high state of improvement—that the arrangements and classifications of Linnaeus are perfect. And by the help of the beautiful delineations of the pencil, the student of nature is able to make great progress without stirring from his study. It is extremely probable, however, that should he walk into the wilderness, he may chance to meet a flower, the striking colours and delicious perfume of which will amply repay the pilgrimage he has made.

So is it with the productions of the Lyric muse. Long and extensively has this description of poetry been cultivated; and the songs of Scotland, perhaps, are the least perishable portion of her literature; yet, when a new labourer enters the field, bearing the impress of genius, it is astonishing how distinct

the lines are, he leaves us to trace where he has been.

Such is the case, it is presumed, with this volume. The lover of poetry may have his mind stored with the purest gems from the "wild warbling muse"—he may cherish with enthusiasm the heroic strains that sprang from, and are associated with, the critical yet brightest epochs of Scotland's history—and still find that the Lyre can be touched occasionally, with hands not so potent as those of the mighty masters that are gone, but in a manner that can awaken and charm his fancy.

In endeavouring to delineate the Author's Life, which was strictly uneventful, the reader must not anticipate any of those bold biographical passages which command attention, and sink, as it were, into the memory. It is rather a simple narration of his feelings and pursuits, and of those qualities of mind which shone forth most conspicuously during his brief existence.

Allan Stewart was the son of Allan Stewart and Janet Muir, and was born in the village of Houston in Renfrewshire, on the 30th January 1812. His mother was sister to Martha Muir,

author of a volume of Letters on religious subjects, which have been before the public some years ; and of whose amiable character we will speak more particularly in the sequel.

When at a proper age, young Allan was placed at the village School, then taught by Mr. M'Lean ; and under him he made a considerable progress in reading and spelling. It was customary at this time, in the parish schools of Scotland, for the master to select such children as he thought had capacity, and give them a lengthened Psalm or Paraphrase, to be got by rote. Allan had the 119th Psalm assigned him for a task, and this he performed in a manner, along with some others of the scholars, that drew forth the approbation of his tutor. The tenacity of his memory became evident to his relatives, and some years after this period, he repeated all the Paraphrases to one of his uncles, and was rewarded with half-a-crown.

At the period Allan entered the school as a junior scholar, the late Mr. Patrick, whose Poems have been before the public a considerable time, was a senior one ; but at this time, we believe, Mr. Patrick had not paid his devoirs at the shrine of the

muses, neither had young Allan listened to the "wood notes wild" of his native land. After the death of Mr. Patrick, when his Poems were published, Allan recollected his old School-fellow; and although no intimacy had ever existed between them, the very thought of poetry awakened the enthusiasm of his nature—he read his poems with avidity, and considered them the productions of a man of ability. In fact, nature seems to have cast their minds in a similar mould—both were strongly impressed with the beauties of nature, and loved to describe the most beautiful appearances of creation. Mr. Patrick's superior education, and his better knowledge of human nature, gave a wider range to his thoughts; but judging from his volume, we would say his forte, like Allan's, lay in Lyric composition.

It does not appear that Allan manifested in early life any particular thirst for learning; neither did increase of years alter this disposition much. Whatever task was given him at school, was engaged in with alacrity, and his leisure hours were generally consumed in the innocent amusements youth generally pursue. This circumstance, however, we

deplore, and regard it as a defect in character; for there are many splendid instances of individuals who have risen from the depths of obscurity, and become eminent in literature and in science, and added much to the enjoyment and instruction of mankind. The recorded difficulties of Burns and Hogg were great; and Wilson, the American Ornithologist, was the child of adversity. Such celebrated instances of native genius, pushing its way through a thorny wilderness of perplexities, should ever act on young men as an incentive to climb the activity that leads to excellence, however rugged it may be; for the crown that awaits them there is no less than the immortality of fame.

We are not willing to assert, neither do we wish it to be understood, that Allan was insensible of the power which learning confers on its possessor. On the contrary, he valued its achievements, and freely gave the tribute of admiration to the learned. If he was not found himself in its paths, it is to be attributed principally to a comparison of himself with great models, and a lurking belief that he was inadequate to the task; and also to certain ideas of happiness which formed a particular feature in his

character. When in his poetry he contrasts the rich with the poor—the polite with the peasant—he does not choose such a subject from a servile imitation of his predecessors, or from a mere clap-trap motive for applause ; consequently, when we find such lines as

“Far dearer to me the lowly cot, where bonny Annie dwells,”

it is to be understood as describing a feeling that was entwined round his heart, and which constituted a matter of belief. No man ever envied less than he the luxuries and blandishments of the great ; for he gave entire credence to the theory, that every man, in whatever situation he may be placed, is capable of securing a great portion of pleasure and happiness ; and as “Taste life’s glad moments” was a sentiment that often stood before him in gay vision, he obeyed its behests to a degree that some might regard as establishing a sensuality of temper.

Allan Stewart thought proper to remove his family to Cartsdyke, near Greenock, where he might pursue his calling, (which was that of a sawyer) with greater success. Sometimes localities offer opportunities in this profession for remunera-

tion, which are not to be obtained in large towns ; and hence this class of men are often ambulatory. About this period Mrs. Stewart died ; an event which is generally serious to a young family, more particularly in her case, for she appears to have been a woman of a prudent and tranquil mind. Had her partner been of a similar disposition, our poet would have been saved many a gloomy and desponding hour. Allan's earliest recollection, was his being brought to his mother's bed-side, when she stretched out her feeble hand, and stroked his head, accompanied with her blessing.

The family again removed from Cartsdyke, and made Paisley the place of its settlement for several years ; and here it may be noticed, that the calamity which had lately befallen them in the removal of their mother, became the means of introducing them, more particularly in Allan's case, to the kindness and attention of Martha Muir, their aunt. This excellent woman could not but feel for the bereaved children ; for it was in keeping with her character, to ameliorate distress, and pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit. Probably she had witnessed in Allan the dawning of that

capacity which was afterwards fully manifested, and this led her to bestow on him great care and attention. She laboured earnestly to impress his mind with the realities of religion; and by making him recite hymns and paraphrases, and select passages of Scripture, she made impressions on his mind which were never obliterated. As her faith was not without works, she frequently made Allan the medium through which she communicated her charities to the poor and distressed. We have often heard him describe her as a woman in whose bosom the principle of sympathy was easier set in motion, than in any being he had ever witnessed on earth; add to this a lively faith, with clear conceptions of the character and doctrines of Jesus Christ, and you have the ingredients of a character that will not speedily pass from the remembrance of her relatives and friends. The first letter in her volume was originally addressed to Allan. It sets forth, in strong terms, the dangers to which he would be exposed in commencing his intercourse with the world; and closes with these exhortations, "to seek communion with the Father of all, as the only source of true happiness in this world, and the only

means for obtaining felicity in the next." Unhappily, at that period, her poetic nephew had no place where he could deposit such an invaluable relic: so he wore it in his pocket till it became rags. His remembrance of her virtues, however, did not perish with the letter; for the affecting verses which he wrote to her memory were the best monument he could rear to perpetuate the remembrance of one he so much valued. In the inside of the cover of his presentation volume of her letters, he had these verses written by a Teacher, in a good style of penmanship, as the only and last tribute of respect he could pay to her whose kindness he had experienced, and whose virtues and abilities he admired. Of the Muir family he spoke with the utmost respect, and nothing but his extreme diffidence prevented him from having kept a close intimacy with them. On one of his uncles we have heard him pass an eulogium (who, we believe, is a small farmer at Inchinnan) an eulogium which rather increases in merit, when it is recollected that it was *once* the distinguishing ornament of the Scottish peasantry, as far as simple and unaffected piety and moral worth were connected; he

said his house was the only place in which he had ever seen a realization of the "Cottar's Saturday night."

At that dreadful crisis in Britain's commercial history, commonly known by the "late panic," a period when the whole system of credit, so necessary in a commercial nation, seemed stricken to its centre; when men deeply versed in monetary affairs found themselves in a labyrinth of inexplicable difficulties; while others who had grown hoary in conducting mercantile establishments prosperously, found their prospects had perished, and their hopes annihilated. Banks containing the hard-won earnings of simple and honest industry, became insolvent; and the prospects many had of ameliorating the horrors of helpless old age, were given to the winds. Distrust filled men's minds; our national industry stood still, as if in obedience to the fiat of heaven; famine stared the poor in the face, and threatened to make them desperate; foreign connections trembled at the awful consequences; and the walls of China were not a barrier against its effects. At that dreadful period, inimical to national faith, and dangerous to the monarchy, Allan

Stewart, a sharer in the general ruin, thought proper to remove his family to the Cumbraes, a small island in the Frith of Clyde. Here he found employment, and continued about ten months, happily relieved from the turmoil and political contention that distracted more refined portions of society, and awaiting the time when such measures of state policy would be adopted, as would restore the circulating medium to a healthy state, and thereby make the streams of commerce flow with their wonted freshness. Young Allan, who had been some time employed in the humble capacity of a draw-boy, had a temporary relief from his irksome employment ; he was sent to school for some time, and occasionally allowed to roam through the island, and feast his imagination on the beauties of wave and sky. He cultivated acquaintance with the boatmen, learned to use the oar, and became so familiar with the scenery of the place, as made deep impressions on his mind, which were afterwards embodied in his poem, on his second visit to the island. But different, indeed, were the circumstances of his second visit. A circumstance had occurred, of which we will speak presently, the most

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important one in his life, which gave a tinge to his character, and made him regard the recollections of his youth as joys he would never taste again. His father had, some time before this, engaged in matrimony the second time ; and towards his step-mother he always conducted himself respectfully. Her deportment commanded this ; for her prudence and good management were such as do not generally adorn the proceedings of step-dames. Allan was of a silent and thoughtful turn, and was by no means disposed to be querulous. The fire-side had to be the sanctuary of peace, or it had no charms for him ; hence his fond recollections of his innocent wanderings through the Cumbræes.

His residence here, however so well calculated for the nurture of a poetical spirit, was speedily terminated. The condition of the family was such, that his little earnings could not be dispensed with ; so, on the first gleam of returning prosperity, Allan was dispatched to Paisley, to try and find employment. This he did ; and on this occasion, he lodged ten months with a paternal uncle, before he again became an inmate of his father's house. Whoever is acquainted with the weaving branch in

Paisley, must know that weavers' shops generally contain from four to six looms. It may so happen therefore, that a youth may be placed in a shop, containing men whose intelligence is far superior to their condition in life. This was the case with our poet. One of his shopmates was a man of superior intellectual endowments ; he directed Allan to books of a beneficial description, and advised him to pursue some of the higher efforts of the Muse. Allan did not follow, because he did not perceive, the soundness of the advice at the time ; but afterwards acknowledged it to be one fraught with wisdom.

While thus pursuing the noiseless tenor of his life—his pence kept for the purchase of some cheap periodical on the Saturday evenings—he first met with a young woman, the glance of whose eye, and insinuating disposition, drew forth the responses of his heart. It was this that constituted the grand epoch in his existence—it is the foundation of his poetry—it breathes in every page, and is interwoven in his choicest expressions. Her condition in life was similar to his own : there was therefore no imprudence in his choice ; but we believe

there was inconsistency in his manner of pursuing it. A youth may have his mind filled with high and exalted sentiments of love, as pure as ever dropped from the lips of Plato himself, yet, if his language be not seconded by corresponding conduct—by an observance of those customs which society has consecrated by its practice, he may fail in inspiring similar sentiments in the object of his love. The heart that glows with admiration of female beauty, esteeming it above all earthly prizes, must beware of everything that affords the smallest ground for suspicion that it has cooled in its ardour, or that it contains a chamber where another affection may enter in. The brightest flame that ever burned, must be fed with the needful fuel, or the dying embers will speedily inform us where a fire has been. Long intervals in love affairs is the aliment of mischief, the winding-sheet of passion. Whoever is reduced to such a course by necessity, or adopts it from choice, may find, when too late, that he has multiplied the sources of disappointment, and placed in jeopardy the happiness of his future life.

Our Poet's affection was no boyish feeling, evan-

escent as the morning dew. Love had planted its sting in his bosom, with a feltness of purpose and precision of aim, transcending the descriptions of Anacreon, and which might be aptly compared to the delineations of Petrarch himself. It was the means of making him choose the loom for an employment—an employment by no means congenial to the cultivation of verse. He by this means placed himself in a locality with which he had long been familiar, and at the same time convenient to her who first awakened in him the tender feeling, and who now monopolized his thoughts. Being now engaged at the irksome, ingenious, but ill-rewarded loom, he naturally found himself elevated from his former situation, inasmuch as he was admitted more freely to enjoy the conversation of the intelligent of his shopmates. With this change the cultivation of his mind was not forgotten. He now felt a deeper relish for the beauties of nature; and as his intellect ripened, his taste grew more refined. He pored over the pages of the Scottish Poets, particularly those of Burns, with unwearied delight. He evidently stored his mind with the finer touches of Burns' muse; for in conversation,

he could easily quote from his favourite Bard, with great appropriateness and force.

Of his own first attempts in verse we can say little ; the subjects generally were trifling, and not worthy of perpetuation. But a subject had occurred (as we have noticed) which appeared to him inexhaustible, and entitled to the boldest flights of his fancy, and the softest and mellowest tones of his lyre. No change of place brought to his notice a nymph that could supplant for a moment the image of her that seemed indelibly engraven on his heart ; the cold blasts of adversity might blow over him, damp his energy and repress his spirits, but the feeling thus subdued was not annihilated ; his thoughts would again revert towards her, who had alternately awakened within him the tenderest emotions, the brightest gildings of hope, and the darkest colourings of despair. When under the influence of the latter feeling, his mind would find relief in such beautiful and simple verses as the following :—

“ I daurna’ ca’ thee Jeanie now,
 It maun be aye Miss Jean ;
 The siller star upon thy brow,
 Says artless Jeanie’s gane.

And gane are a' the kindly charms
 Ye wore at sweet fifteen;
 Ye then cou'd lye within my arms,
 An' never think it mean."

A still deeper tone of melancholy pervades the following :—

" My young hopes opened to her smile,
 Like blossoms to the day ;
 I gave my heart, nor dreamed the while
 Such sweetness could betray.

'Tis true, life has no happiness
 That's free from sorrow's chill ;
 But ah ! there's nought so frail's the bliss,
 That hangs on woman's will."

That he could celebrate the charms of his mistress in a variety of ways, and with considerable felicity of expression, the various similitudes under which she is represented must be regarded as proof. In his song of " Yon July eve, on the Fairley shore," he has given us some fine dashes of description, although not minutely correct. As this song was founded on a real occurrence, and may be regarded as a celebration of one of the happiest nights in his life, it is worthy of attention, because it illustrates the fact, that he was peculiarly the

poet of love. After describing her charms in impassioned language, he speaks of the star-light gemming the waveless sea, and the Mavis singing in Kelburne glade—a state of things that never occurred, for the thrush never sings when the stars are out. We doubt not, however, that the poet was in company with his lover during the song of the thrush, and that their intercourse was continued till the

“Star-light gemm’d the waveless sea;”

and we believe this was his meaning. After this is introduced a fine specimen of triumphant feeling, strongly characteristic of his simple yet ardent mind:—

“Had England’s lofty Adelaide
Then offered me her jewelled hand,
’Twould but have shewn thee, dearest maid,
Thy modest smile had more command.”

But even this fine specimen of his Lyric powers is not free from that gloom and melancholy that is woven so conspicuously through his poetry. Of this rivalry, which affords grounds for such bitter lamentation, often described as a “demon fate,” and

at other times laid on the tendency of human nature to betray, and take delight in seeing the happiness of others poisoned, we have reason to believe was an entire phantom, and only existed in the gloomy workings of his own mind. How a mind breathing the purest sentiments of affection, and having clear and correct ideas of happiness, and a strong solicitude for the welfare of the object of his love, could err on the subject of rivalry, and be blind to the demeanour and conduct of her whose company he had often enjoyed, is a seeming anomaly, and is not impervious to solution. Men of cool calculating dispositions, who live with their passions under continual subjection to their reason, have no sympathy for the refinements and eccentricities of genius. They know little of the warm glowings of fancy, and though they acknowledge it to be a property of the mind, they deem it dangerous, and that its buoyancy should be repressed. The poet, therefore, who strays by the sea shore, and in silent wonder surveys the surface of the "vasty deep," or who straggles through the ravine, until he gains the mountain's brow, and there, as it were, gazes on the "pinions of the storm," will be re-

garded as a being who has lost all self-control—political economy will discard him for an unprofitable labourer, and he must seek fellowship with those who despise the restraints avarice puts on. Happily for such outcasts from the “world’s smile,” they produce us such pictures of delight, as have a claim on the heart equal to the finest tones of music, or the highest efforts of rhetoric itself; if it were not so, their fate would be still more rugged and appalling than it generally is.

That strong feelings often accompany high intellectual endowments, will be best established by the confessions of those who possessed them. Burns has informed us that in his case the “light which led astray was light from heaven.” And again he describes the force of passion in a most powerful and striking manner :—

“Think when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must *his* veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop.”

And a noble poet of our own times, whose memory has received a thousand stabs from individuals

who would have trembled at his shadow, has described his love in the following terms :—

“ Cold in clime, and cold in blood,
Your love doth scarce deserve the name ;
But mine’s is like the lava flood,
That boils in Etna’s breast of flame.”

Need we wonder, then, that a youth with feelings of the same degree, though not possessing such unrivalled powers of expression, should fail in making a proper estimate of the matter that concerned him so much. The source of his mistake and misfortune was not irritability of temper, rendered more so by a long series of successes and reverses. His love was pure, chaste, and devoted, and made known with an honesty of purpose that required that such qualities should be meted out to him again. In a mind thus constituted, how easily might the mustard seed become a mountain, and a precipice appear where all the world would see a plain as level as the velvet lawn. Circumstances over which we have no control, have prevented his letters on this subject from being placed in our possession ; his other letters on the ordinary occurrences of friendship, and addressed to an early

friend, are now in a foreign land, and consequently equally beyond our reach. The first class would have proven the purity and sincerity of his desires, couched in such language as the modesty of his nature would admit, and the extent of his mental culture rendered him capable of selecting. The latter class perhaps would have shown the subjects which a being so retired in his habits chose for continuing the chain of friendship ; and also with what delicacy he unboasted himself on a theme which had become the cankerworm of his life. That his mind required the soothing balm of consolation, and often seized opportunities, by way of relief, for stating the load of sorrow that oppressed it, the following letter, written during the hurry of a breakfast hour, to his friend David Picken, will abundantly substantiate.

" Paisley, 3d April, 1834.

" Dear friend,—I have received from S—— this morning, a reply to my song. The subject is not the supremacy of the Ayrshire nymphs, as I expected, but one that accords more with my "soul's sadness," it being a lover lamenting the falseness of his Mary, on the banks of the Leven. God knows why he has happened to touch the tenor of my feelings so nicely, knowing that he has no knowledge of my

love affairs. Be that as it may, it bears along with it the beauty of a song. The ideas light and fanciful—

The hapless breast where love has been,
The same has often felt and seen.

It is mixed with a pleasing despondency, along with a little bad spelling; but you are accustomed to that. It will please those hearts exceedingly to whom love and hope predicted pleasure, but produced pain.

You will observe in the 11th verse, that he has given Boreas a mantle, the only present of the kind I ever heard of him getting. But I believe S. has a soul of sympathy, and the cold cheerless aspect of Boreas has awakened his charity. When you read the 5th verse, turn over to the sixth. Please return the song by to-morrow at breakfast time. A. S."

Poetry was now a favourite pursuit, but engaged in in such a silent and peaceful manner, that even his shopmates were more jealous than conscious of the fact. Even that portion of them who were intelligent on many subjects, if they knew the fact, it was more by inference than from any thing said by him, who seemed to shun the very idea of having any pretensions to the poetical character. The writer of this notice has a vivid recollection of his first interview with Allan; it was in a small garden, in the midst of a plot of flowers. After a good deal of conversation, Allan, with his

eyes fixed on the flowers at his feet, acknowledged that he was the author of a few songs, principally of a plaintive and melancholy turn.

He loved his native country, and rejoiced in the celebrity of her poets, and was fond of the fame of distinguished Scotsmen. In the summer of 1836, he made a journey to the land of Burns. The joy he felt was pure and elevated, while sitting in the natal cot of his favourite Bard. He had read his songs with rapture, and the constitutional melancholy, heightened as it was by misfortune of the Ayrshire Ploughman, was akin to the woes of his own heart. He gazed on "bonnie Doon," visited the monument which a grateful country has reared to the memory of her illustrious "child of song," and plucked laurel which grew along the "brig whaur maggie lost her tale." In fact, the whole scenery is endeared to the soul-melting recollections of Scotsmen, and could not fail to be impressive to one who was so fond an admirer of his country's song. Seldom has a man been worse provided for a journey, than our author was at this period; but he was kept from despondency by the masculine and dauntless character of his compan-

ion, who, in the words of Lord Byron, had "a heart for every fate." Both returned home weary and fatigued, but full of glowing descriptions of the scenery that has employed the pens and the pencils of some of the most talented of our land.

Allan's course of reading was not extensive. He had read the Scottish poets, that is to say, Ramsay, Burns, and his successors; but most of the modern poets were beyond his reach. Much as we hear about the "march of mind," and of the "schoolmaster being abroad," to obtain solid and extensive information in humble life, is a task of no ordinary kind. We may be told that there are Town's Libraries, Trades' Libraries, and Sessional School Libraries, all, as it were, stretching out their arms full of mental food for the needful; so also the City of London Tavern has entertainment for men and horses, but albeit there is a bill of fare. A weaver lad, of diffident and hesitating address, must be surrounded with propitious circumstances, indeed, when he finds he has easy access to the chamber whence volumes are drawn full of the philosophy of past ages, or of the choicest works of imagination of the present day. Even many of our congrega-

tional Libraries are lamentably destitute of the poetry of our native land. The "Bride of Abydois," the "Excursion," or even the "Queen's Wake," are poems you will search for in vain, in such Libraries as those we have alluded to.

In conversation, our author was modest and sensible; and when any of his favourite topics were touched on, he was communicative and judicious, and his remarks generally well applied. When at the social board, and surrounded by kindred spirits, diffidence disappeared—he recited his poetry freely, and often gave pieces from his favourite authors, with true feeling and correct taste. We have heard him repeat Cowper's graphic description of a clerical coxcomb, in a manner that convinced us that he was truly alive to the real beauties of that popular and amiable poet. Some of the finer touches of Thomson's muse were also imprinted on his memory, and showed that the Bard of the Seasons had afforded him many a delicious feast. He also gave due attention to the opinions of others, at such times; for the tenacity of opinion which had remarkable influence in his general decisions had now melted away. He had a deep reverence for the institu-

tions of his country, and took less interest in political affairs than young men of an inquiring turn generally take. His philosophy was that of Goldsmith; the pleasing wit and strokes of genuine good nature which abound in that author, were to him a source of pleasure fresh as a Castalian stream. These traits of character were all visible in him during his social moments—he was then open, free, and joyful; but when he returned to the soberness of every-day life, bashfulness, like the veil of Penelope, again covered his face. His taste in music was good, with a strong partiality for Scottish airs; and most of the airs adapted to his songs, were selected by himself. Whoever visited him at the loom, would generally find a volume or two lying about, with which he employed himself during his moments of relaxation. The Songs of Scotland, and Moore's Irish Melodies, were always there, works which he greatly admired; and it is evident that he adopted the Irish minstrel for a model in many of his compositions.

In the year 1837, we were again visited by one of those commercial distresses which seem inseparable from the commerce of this country, entailing

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ruin on our most skilful manufacturers, our most intrepid merchants, and beggary and degradation on our ablest artisans. Our author was unfortunately plunged in its vortex; and being almost destitute of the necessary qualities for riding safely through a commercial storm, he saw nothing before him but the gloomy aspect of a long period of suffering. His father and family were also doomed to encounter the gale, and make as much head as they could during the period the hurricane lasted. Allan being unwilling to lessen their resources by his presence, left Paisley in company with the same hardy comrade who had accompanied him to the Land of Burns. Their intention was to procure work, and thereby give "time a shove," till commerce had recovered from its derangement. With this view they crossed the Clyde at Erskine, passed through Dumbarton, and wandered along the romantic shores of Loch Lomond; scenery dear to a poetic mind, but now shorn of much of its beauty and interest, by the chill snows of adversity that enveloped the individuals who beheld it. They next pushed their way to Stirling, and from its Castle viewed the Links of Forth, a scene that

never fails to raise pleasurable feelings in the admiring spectator. They next visited the far-famed field of Bannockburn, and sat on the stone where the standard of Bruce stood unfurled to the eyes of a conquering army, that secured the military fame of its chief, and the independence of his country. This scene, which has so often been the theme of the Poet—the pride of the Patriot—the boast of the Orator—and the wonder of the Statesman, produced no emotion in the mind of our author but that of silent admiration. He felt too keenly the cold blast of adversity, and too great a load of sorrow hung on his spirit, for the muse to have stretched out her wing in the soul-stirring strains of heroism, which, under more favourable circumstances, she might have done. He and his undaunted companion now separated, and never saw each other again; being familiar with misfortune, and more adventurous than our poet, he made his way for England, while Allan retraced his steps to his father's family, and was a sharer in the general sufferings of the working classes during the memorable summer of 1837. We have before noticed that our author was essentially a Scotsman, fond

of his country even to its dialect ; and though this excursion had exposed him to privation, it also furnished several incidents that tended much to confirm all his former opinions, and heighten his general estimate of his native land. He was particularly charmed with the conversation and deportment of an old farmer (whom he took to be a descendant of the old presbyterian dissenters), who invited him to his house, and made him partake of a repast in such a free, open, and unassuming manner, as presented a striking contrast to the showy and often hollow politeness of the attendants on commerce. Allan's heart was open to impressions, and he was often heard to affirm that should he ever be in favourable circumstances, he would again visit and reward this valuable peasant.

About the end of October, in the year 1837, the younger branches of the family of Allan Stewart were seized with typhus fever. The father was next seized ; and our poet also found himself unwell ; but having a good constitution, he was unwilling to desist from his usual avocation, till the burning heat of fever compelled him to lay his head on the pillow. On Tuesday, the 7th Nov. by his

own desire, he was conveyed to the House of Recovery, where he remained till Sabbath the 12th, when at 4 o'clock A.M. he expired, in the 26th year of his age. His father also died in his own house, at two o'clock in the same morning, and both were interred in one grave in the Martyr's church-yard. Thus died a youth who, had his life been prolonged, and under the proper influence of culture, might have added much to the literature of his country. In life he was peaceful and inoffensive, and his death threw a shade on the pretensions and arrogance of human reason; for the man whose diffidence almost prevented him from performing the only duties of life, died in the belief that he was elevated to royalty itself: thus presenting one of those strange inexplicable circumstances that often surround and accompany our mysterious existence.

Of his Poems we need say little; they are few in number, and do not possess the beauties that are to be found in his other compositions. His verses on dress, which are a fragment, do not exhibit a strict adherence to the rules of composition; and in his stanzas on visiting the Island of Cumbræ, the intelligent reader will perceive, that the in-

spiration of Byron has been drawn on. His lyrical pieces, however, have a higher claim. His "Merrie Lorn," "Bonnie Annie Lyle," and some others, are touchingly sweet, and beautifully simple. His "Lavina" is chaste and elegant; and the Lads o' Lochaber contains a pathos, which every one who peruses it must feel. He is often soft and expressive, and in such verses as the following he conveys a homely and native charm:

"The gouden locks play on her brow,
Like sunbeams on a summer sea;
She has my heart, she has my vow,
My bonny blue-eyed Jeanie Lee."

"Thy banks, bonny Gryfe," is an early production, yet it possesses beauties scarcely inferior to some of his later pieces. The fire which burned in his bosom, at the commencement of a piece, generally continued till his ideas were exhausted; he then laid it past, till some circumstance occurred that produced another impulse of feeling; hence his poetry is not so much a description of things as they are—it is more a description of what he felt. The nature of his education, and his condition in life, must apologize for his appearing so often in

the first person singular. A sensitive mind, with strong feelings, centred on a particular object, were the foundation of his poetical associations; and nothing but the melancholy circumstances consequent on his premature death, could have caused his songs to have met the public eye.

We cannot close this Memoir, without acknowledging the many obligations the family are under to MRS. MAXWELL of Brediland and Merksworth, for the deep interest she has taken in the publication of the "Poetical Remains." With an enlightened zeal, and a benevolence of heart indicative of talent, she has aided the furtherance of this volume, not only by her personal influence, but also by tendering much valuable and judicious advice. May she live long to be the patroness of merit, however obscure and untoward the circumstances under which it may appear.

POEMS AND SONGS.

ON

VISITING THE ISLAND OF CUMBRAE.

ONCE more I climb thy mountains, lovely isle,
And, lingering, pause upon the craggy steep;
Whilst thou on ocean's bosom seem'st to smile
At thine own shadow, dimpling in the deep.
'Tis middle autumn, and the sunbeams sleep
On ripening fields, and hills of purple heath,
Along whose summits range the snowy sheep,
That, marv'ling, gaze, then fly my wayward path,
As if they saw in me the harbinger of death.

Well may they fly; in man they've found a foe—
Their bitt'rest enemy; and I've found him mine.
Tho' wrong'd and duped, yet still I would be slow,
The social circle wholly to resign.

His heart is abject, who alone could pine
 In the dark centre of the forest's gloom,
 When such loves are, and such a love is thine,
 Congenial PICKEN,* which doth here illumine
 Life's darkest winter with eternal bloom.

And yet, at times, 'tis bliss to be alone
 On such a spot as I inhabit now ;
 How paltry then appears earth's proudest throne,
 The golden sceptre, and the glittering show
 Of toys imperial ! Standing on the brow
 Of cloud-capt promont'ry, the daring mind,
 Surveys the spacious heavens, and far below,
 Old Ocean rolling, free and unconfin'd,
 And spurns the slavish thoughts that curdle in man-
 kind.

Here, as I lean me on the bracken brae,
 Each langsyne scene comes crowding on my view,
 Where I have sported many a sunny day,
 Ere manhood into care and sorrow grew ;
 When joys were many, and when wants were few ;

* An intimate friend.

When aid was needed, hope held out her hand ;
 When busy fancy manhood's picture drew,
 And all the future deem'd enchanted land,
 And all things fair and gay my visions did command.

Those days have faded, and their dreams are past,
 Beauteous, but brief as love's first hallow'd tear ;
 And weary wish'd-for manhood's come at last :
 Where are its glowing smiles? they disappear,
 Like grace in paintings, when approach'd too near.
 Reality is manhood's husbandman,—
 He plucks the rose, and plants the barbed brier ;
 It wounds him least who follows virtue's plan—
 He treads the flow'riest paths which track this mortal
 span.

LINES ON LIBERTY.

No more on the top of corruption's foul tree
 Let the vulture of Europe be perched again,
 Nor over those millions who pant to be free,
 Be waving the sword and the despotic chain.

Shall Liberty die in the land of her birth—

Be wrung from the hearts that have nurs'd her so
long?

Shall the few and the feeble wax wild in their mirth,
And trample the many, the powerful and strong?

Shall England turn torpid, and crouch 'neath her
woe?

Shall Erin with blood-sucking tyrants make truce?
Shall Tyranny thrive when the people's her foe,
And Liberty faint in the land of the Bruce?

She may faint for a time, but, like Bethlehem's star,
She'll arise in her heaven-born glory again;
And the tower of corruption, of plunder, and war,
Be rent like the veil of the temple in twain.

SABBATH MORNING REFLECTIONS.

THE pleasures that I aim at,
Are of a mortal climate,
And soon must cease to be.

O God! why do I follow
 Pleasures so vain and hollow,
 That turn my heart from thee!

Were life's best dreams reality,
 Or of a lasting quality,
 This earth would be my goal;
 But there are glimpses given
 Of a bright and happy heaven,
 To stimulate my soul.

Ah! why should I so eager run
 The course that wisdom bids me shun!
 Why seek my bane so anxiously!
 I know my soul shall never rot;
 Why slumbers, then, the awful thought—
 The thought of vast Eternity!

A POETICAL ADVENTURE.

HEAR me, ye doggrel sons o' sang,
 Wha lean on fame for future favours;

To gain the height for which you lang,
 Will baffle a' your best endeavours.
 In early years, I loved a lass,
 And in my choice a while was happy ;
 For she had charms none could surpass,
 And I was deem'd a decent *chappie*.

And while I wore love's willing chain,
 Nae day seem'd lang, nae night seem'd dreary ;
 Though whiles her shyness gave me pain,
 Her rosy smile aye made me cheery.
 To rob my bliss, a rival came ;
 He was a fellow frank and jolly ;
 And he so mortified my flame,
 I left the lass—turn'd melancholy.

Though early thus I had begun
 To feel the glowing pangs o' Venus,
 And though in love I was outdone,
 I thought I had a little *genius*.
 I turn'd me to the rhyming trade,
 And every love-lorn air I dittied ;
 For every new piece that I made
 Some gave me praise, and others pitied.

I read the sangs o' Coila's bard,
 And a' the rest that I could muster ;
 I oft my own an' them compar'd,
 An' whiles I thought they lost nae lustre.
 But poets have nae right to judge:
 Though they can wire a pleasant story,
 An' though the public bear nae grudge,
 The critic gorges a' the glory.

Ae night shortayne, I hit a theme,
 An' ane, I thought, wad not miscarry :
 The air o't was " The Soldier's Dream,"—
 The sang itsel' was " Bonny Mary."
 I weigh'd it with productions past—
 I found it had a higher zest ;
 In fact it was of such a caste,
 I thought it equall'd Burns' best.

I scrawl'd it on a farthing sheet,
 Ae Monday night, when gayen lazy,
 An' stepped proudly down the street,
 An' into *Tammie's* free-and-easy.
 But *tyes* an' trade was a' the crack—
 To Nature's poets pure pollution :

So I turn'd the tide another track,
By introducing Elocution.

We hadna tried it very lang,
Till some began to yawn an' weary;
When ane roar'd out, "Come, gie's a sang,
An' let us be mair blythe an' cheery."
So they sung the sangs o' Rabby Burns,
O' Tannahill, and Allan Ramsay;
The Irish bards cam' in their turn,
Wi' mony a droll an' witty stanza.

They prais'd their merits o'er and o'er,
As men to be forgotten never;
They little kenn'd I had the power
To mak' a sang as neat an' clever.
A fellow roar'd aloud my name,
An' said it was my turn for singing;
I thought that a' my future fame
Already in my ear was ringing.

I took a drink, an' then began
"Bonny Mary"—'twas my newest,

An' weel I trow my aching heart
 Said, with a sigh, it was my truest.
 The hindmost half I sung wi' pain,
 For weel I saw it wasna pleasing;
 An' though it was a plaintive strain,
 The deil a soul was sympathizing.

So I sat down, wi' hingin' jaws,
 An' took a drink o' drumlie water;
 Instead o' getting great applause,
 A' was smoke an' idle clatter.
 Ane said 'twas weak, an' dev'lish dull—
 Ae verse was new, the rest was quoted;
 Anither said he had nae skull,
 Nor yet a soul, the sump that wrote it.

Anither said it was my own;
 I quickly noted him for a liar.
 "Beg pardon, sir," said he, "I'm wrong,
 For really you're a man o' fire."
 I rose to make a speech in rhyme,
 To show my powerful parts, no doubt;
 But ere my speech had reach'd its prime,
 The candle it was snuffed out.

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All laugh'd aloud, save me—I gloom'd;
 An' scolded him that douc'd the taper.
 To get my speech and light resum'd,
 I handed aye a piece of paper.
 But ah, alas! my stupid eyes :
 It was my manuscript I'd given ;
 And, to my horror and surprise,
 In lighting, 'twas but little riven.

The fellow op'd the sheet, and star'd ;
 To get it back, I forward sprung ;
 When he to all the room declar'd
 It was the doggrel I had sung.
 I snatch'd my hat, in angry haste ;
 For weel I saw I was outjoked.
 Pitied their skill and want o' taste,
 An' left the company, quite provoked.

All ye who want to shine in song,
 Must sing the songs that are reputed ;
 For though your own be sweet an' strong,
 Their pristine parts will oft be doubted.

LINES ON A FAVOURITE LINNET.

THE ha' is mute; the cage is toom,
 The glass stands stagnant to the brim,
 The box is fu' o' seed;
 They canna mend the sangs ance sung,
 That cheer'd the heart o' auld and young,
 For gentle Robin's dead!

When first his freedom I repress'd,
 The puddock-hair was on his breast,
 And closed was his e'e;
 But mony a year, when in his cell,
 He's gart the tones o' music swell,
 Nor dream'd o' liberty.

When want an' sunk-ey'd sickness spread
 Their withering breath o'er every bed—
 When life had scarce a prop,
 His merry melody then stole,
 Extatic, through my very soul,
 An' rais'd a lively hope.

Aft, after fervent bouses, dull,
 Wi' coinless pouch an' cracking skull,
 His notes have sooth'd my wae ;
 Or, if some sang I'd spin or read,
 His woodland pipe would intercede,
 An' animate the lay.

Since he first tenanted that cage,
 I've added ten years to my age,
 O' pleasure an' o' pain ;
 His hurried death—the warning brief
 Will cause much sorrowing an' grief
 Ere I pass other ten.

Yon stripping birk, wi' leaves o' green,
 His wee bit grave lang, lang will screen,
 An' be his monument ;
 An' when it grows a stately tree,
 Some lintie there, in mournfu' glee,
 His dirges sweet will vent.

An' we, cag'd in this world o' care,
 Harass'd by hearts as hard's the wire
 O' Robin's empty ha',

Some day, although our glass be fu',
 Although we've seed, an picks anew,
 Frae life's frail bank will fa'.

VERSES

On a young Soldier Friend, who Died in Jamaica.

AND art thou fallen, in thy prime of youth,
 Companion of my bosom, warm and dear?
 And is that breast now cold, where manly truth
 And modest valour burn'd so bright and clear?
 Alas! thou'rt gone—a thought that brings the tear
 From my robustest feeling, and the sigh
 Deep rends my heart, when memory, too severe,
 Brings forth anew those frolics long gone by,
 When life's young joy was bright, and all our hopes
 were high!

No days I'll spend like those that we have spent,
 When in our breasts young love had breath'd his
 flame;

And in our wanderings, wheresoe'er we went,
 Our joyous feelings nearly were the same,—
 Save that unruly fire, a thirst for fame,
 Convuls'd my thoughts, and madden'd in my soul ;
 And thy young courage, which no fear could tame,
 No petty tyrant of thy sphere control,
 Yet none affection's sons more deeply would condole.

With brimful eye, I saw thee leave thy home ;
 With trembling pulse, I shook thy trusty hand :
 Thought whisper'd then we ne'er again would roam,
 And sport together in our native land !
 That thou wert subject to such dire commands,
 No parent e'er could feel more than I felt,
 To see thee hurried to that hated strand,
 Whose scorching suns the soul to langour melt,
 Where health with Caledonians never yet has dwelt !

And in that far-off land thou'st found a grave ;
 Nor parents dear, nor I the spot can know.
 In vain thy parched turf may humbly crave
 A tear of pity from a mother's wo ;
 To vent her sorrows there she cannot go,
 For it is bounded by an ocean's roar ;

Yet to thy mem'ry here a tear will flow,
 And thy untimely fate our hearts deplore,
 Till we return to dust, and be as thou—no more !

LINES,

On seeing an Owl taken in a cranny of Craikston Castle.

DRAWN from thy dark, though dear retreat,
 To face the glare of open day,
 Those drowsy eyelids seem to say,
 O leave me to my cheerless fate !
 For tho' I scream, I bear no hate
 To those that late an' lanely stray.

Those looks ask mercy, but in vain :
 The wretch that holds thee cannot see
 The grief that's in thy tearless e'e,
 Nor feel thy bosom throb in pain ;
 His only thought is how to gain
 A cage for thy captivity.

Now, all thy sweets of freedom past,
 And, pensive, round the ruin'd tow'r
 Thy mate must pass the midnight hour,
 Nor hear, when yonder moon's o'ercast,
 Thy love-notes wild rise on the blast,
 Which make the feeble-minded cow'r.

For they, to nature's knowledge blind,
 Oft took thee for some fiend or ghost,
 Sent from the gloomy Stygian coast,
 To strew a terror o'er mankind ;
 But of all fiends, like thee, I find
 Vile man is to be dreaded most !

RELIGION.

HEAR me, ye self-existing fools,
 Of mind and morals rude,
 Blest is the man religion rules :
 She governs for his good.
 How happy is the Christian's life !
 His God his thoughts employ ;

Secluded from ambition's strife,
His aim is endless joy.

The poor man's mind with woe is riven,
Hard toil his body grinds;
But he who leans the load on heaven,
Sweet consolation finds.
The shallow sceptic I deplore—
He, harden'd, fears no God;
His highest thoughts do never soar
Above the silent sod.

The caterpillar dormant lies,
Till summer evenings come,
Then flaps his new-form'd wings, and flies,
Rejoicing in the sun.
But dark and downcast is the soul
Within the sceptic breast;
The summer sun has no controul
Upon its sluggish rest.

But ah! there is a brighter sun,—
The Son of God on high;

Whene'er he gives the word to come,
 He gives it wings to fly.
 Then shall the feeble cord decay,
 That binds the soul to earth ;
 Though stain'd with guilt; it wings its way
 To him who gave it birth.

Then shall the sinful soul confess
 What he denied below ;
 Though far too late to share in bliss,
 Or fly from endless woe.
 Upon the Saviour fix your faith,
 It smoothes life's rugged road ;
 It cheers the soul, till freed by death,
 It glories in its God.

TO MARY.

Words have often warm'd my heart ;
 Music oft has solac'd pain ;
 But words nor sounds could ne'er impart
 (Although they were of sweetest strain,)

A joy to equal that I feel,
 In hearing thou art well again.

Our few and short-liv'd interviews
 Will make thee think my love is lame :
 Lame it would be, could memory lose
 One single charm that nurs'd its flame—
 One recollection of the name
 That I would 'mongst a million choose.

Yet this may false affection seem ;
 And thou hast cause to think it so ;
 Since love and friendship's oft a gleam,
 A short, a transitory glow,
 Gilding fair the brow of woe,
 Fleeting as a daylight dream.

Had art and falsehood never storm'd
 That peace our love had made its own,
 Those golden hopes, so early form'd,
 Had never been so early flown ;
 And ——'s breast had honour warm'd,
 This dreary discord ne'er had grown.

For he, though veil'd in virtue's mask,
 Could darkly plan another's woe;
 If thee he gain'd by such a task,
 The loss of thee I can forego.
 In Fortune's smile long may he bask,
 And sun his soul in pranks as low.

But why should I rake up the past—
 The present's surely pain'd enough—
 Unless I wish those woes to last,
 And add to pain another huff?
 This subject to the winds I'll cast,
 And all such melancholy stuff.

Words have often warm'd my heart;
 Music oft hath solac'd pain;
 But words nor sounds could ne'er impart
 (Although they were of sweetest strain,)
 A joy to equal that I feel,
 In hearing thou art well again.

ALL IS PLEASURE.

THERE'S a pleasure on the mountain's brow,

When the morning sky is bright ;

There's a pleasure when the pearly dew

Reflects the stars of night.

There's a pleasure in the scenes we tread,

That gilds the gloomy mind ;

There's a pleasure in the books we read,

That leaves a glow behind.

There's a pleasure in the bustling streets,

And in the tavern hall ;

The soul derives delicious sweets

Amidst the mazy ball.

From golden heaps of world's gear

There is a pleasure got—

A pleasure to possess, I fear,

Will never be my lot !

There's a pleasure in the smile of fame,

To mortals seldom known ;

For snarling envy stabs the name

That's brighter than its own.

There's a pleasure drawn from dark-blue eyes,
 That wildly thrills the breast;
 If aught to mar that joy arise,
 It poisons all the rest.

The soul then sighs in solitude,
 Firm leagu'd with dark despair;
 And if no gayer joys intrude,
 There's even pleasure there.

LINES ON LIFE.

IN measuring life, there's many a cross
 To vex the feeling mind;
 But yet 'tis well there's scarce a loss,
 But leaves some hope behind.
 By various minds the world's cares
 Are less or more forgot;
 Though this the law of nature swears—
 A crook's in ev'ry lot.

When losing sight of Fortune's ray,
 We mourn our fading gear,

Till some new project take the sway,
 Then prospects reappear.
 The things which made our former peace,
 The present would have pain'd ;
 And wherein now we find release,
 We then had been restrain'd.

Thus various joys and various pains
 Attend our varying age,
 Whether we're link'd in folly's chains,
 Or pore o'er reason's page.
 A father dead—a mother gone,
 May grieve us for a while;
 But soon that dreary thought is flown,
 And hope begins to smile.

Sweet hope ! the harbinger of Him
 Whose mercy swells for man,
 Thy soothing smile has ne'er been dim
 Since sorrow's reign began.
 The only grief and lasting smart
 That baffle's hope's sweet flame,
 Is the young, the fond, the faithful heart,
 Whose love has lost its aim.

TO THE MEMORY OF MARTHA MUIR.

O DEATH ! thou'st hung thy dark'ning veil
 Between a much-lov'd aunt and me :
 'Mong mortals now where shall I hail,
 Dear Martha Muir ! a friend like thee ?
 The blind, the lame, the poor opprest,
 To whom life was a weary load,
 They ever found thy pious breast
 Was heavenly pity's blest abode.

Thy worth has won earth's best esteem ;
 Thy faith has gain'd a brighter prize—
 A home where joys unbounded beam,
 Where sin and sorrow never rise.
 Thy precepts wise, O may they be
 To souls a never-dying star,
 That points to bright eternity,
 To tell our hearts what Christians are.

Altho' I range the world wide,
 I'll seldom find a friend so true ;
 For thine was love, no sordid pride,
 No selfish end could e'er subdue.

That darksome day is drawing nigh,
 When life this frame shall cease to prop;
 Lord, grant that when I come to die,
 My soul may have as bright a hope!

DRESS—A FRAGMENT.

With melancholy I'll have no more ado,
 To leave the house at noon, no more afraid;
 For with broad cloth I'm now rigg'd out anew,
 To make a man look wise, a wondrous aid.
 So I'm resolved no more to keep the shade,
 And sigh and pine in lowly anguish—no!
 But where the gaudy walk I will parade;
 And give me airs, and make a little show;
 For man is nothing now, unless he be a beau.

To talk and tattle with the female tribe
 In rueful rags, is nonsense; they'll not brook
 You; but the garb that's new acts as a bribe
 On their best fancies, one they cant o'erlook:
 They'll gaze, admire, as if it were a book

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Of happy knowledge to their weakly brain;
 And to themselves conclude you have forsook
 All slothful habits, will be very vain
 Your conversation, company, heart, and soul to gain.

Delusive dress, with what deceitful charm
 Thou lulls the force of keen discernment's eye!
 Beneath thy imposing mask, safe from all harm,
 The reptile heart and villain oft doth lie;
 And those who ever wear thy gaudiest dye,
 Like goodly tulips on the sight they swell;
 And even though you scan their features nigh,
 Full innocent they seem; but ah! their smell!
 They shine as beauteous heaven, and stink as odious
 hell.

But dress, thou'rt welcom'd by a worldly love,
 And of this heart thou hast an equal share;
 For who would through the pompous city rove,
 And be a scare-crow to the passing fair?
 To please them ever was my anxious care,
 And still through life 'twill be my dearest pride;
 For smiles and nameless sweets they did not spare
 To make me pleas'd when nought could please beside,
 When all my bliss was born on love's impetuous tide.

The son of poesy I pity much,
 Who negligent of all except the muse;
 And she, alas! is but a tottering crutch
 For man to lean his mind on; yet he woos
 Her vigorously; and all his soul's bright views
 Are centred in her; thoughts of interest lie
 Dead and dormant; bread, bonnet, hose, and shoes,
 Are all forgot; his soul soars far on high
 'Bove these; but these he cannot want: how can he buy?

Ah, wealth! oft have I curs'd thy scantiness,
 When my best garment was a thread-bare coat;
 Weary of home, I'd seek the deep recess
 Of dusky glen; there on some flow'ry spot
 I would recline, by the gay world forgot.
 Nature I loved, and where her mein was wild
 My love was doubly strong, there would I doat
 On groves romantic, cliffs where flow'rets smil'd,
 And sigh'd for meanest dress, as well as choice exiled.

There oft I've scann'd the wild and ardent page
 Of Caledonia's dear and favourite Bard!
 Who could the tear and swelling sigh assuage,
 And think on thee, O Burns, so luckless starr'd!

Thy wild imaginings so often marr'd
 By grim-fac'd poverty ; O had thy fate
 Been learning, wealth, and more at ease, 'tis hard
 To fancy what thou mightst have been ! thy state
 Consider'd, few souls have been more noble or more great.

And I have seen those scenes, immortal Burns,
 Where first on thee the light of heaven shone ;
 Where Scotia's genius now dejected mourns,
 And utters with a sigh, her dearest's gone.
 There nature smil'd, and chose him for her own ;
 Short was the season of her joy, for soon—
 Too soon her fondly-cherish'd bud was blown,
 And crushed low ! Ye minstrels of the Doon,
 To chaunt his endless praise, your willing harps atune.

What pensive heart but owns her Tannahill !
 What breast refin'd, but loves his languid strain,
 Like fairy music of the mountain rill,
 Or lute's soft warblings on the summer plain,
 Soothing to rest the hapless lover's pain !
 But though divinely pure and chaste his flame ;
 Many there are who try, but try in vain,
 To curb the echo of his dear-lov'd name,
 Deep graven on the base of everlasting fame !

And soothing 'tis to lie on yon burn-side,
 And sing of him who sung Gleniffer's braes,
 And see the woods array'd in summer's pride,
 Which bloom immortal in his sylvan lays.
 O, let not envy blight the tender bays,
 That wreathes his yet young fame; let others flee
 His latest fault, but give, O give the praise
 His genius merits; they who disagree,
 Should look to nature first, and then, sweet Bard, to
 thee.

Let joys abound, but be those pleasures mine
 That solitude and sweet retirement prove;
 There let me scan at ease the generous line
 That melts the soul to universal love.
 My heart was early wedded to the grove,
 Where truth and sober contemplation soar;
 The Poet there through sinless worlds can rove,
 Unmindful of his woes and raiment poor,
 Till worn-out fancy sleeps, and he is clay once more.

Oft, midst those wild forsaken solitudes,
 The day's decline with cheerful heart I've hail'd;
 I then would leave the by-way paths and woods—
 For twilight's dusky robes my person veil'd;

Against all fear my bosom then was mail'd—
 The shortest road was then my choice for home—
 Heedless tho' flaunting beaus and belles assail'd ;
 Night was my shield, for which, O night, thy name
 Is dear; thou mak'st the rich and poor man's garb
 the same.

But still, O dress, thou art the deity
 Most fervently by either sex ador'd ;
 The young man's thoughts are early turn'd to thee,
 The maiden's mind's with newest fashions stor'd.
 Church is their study; there great nature's lord
 Is all forgot—thy glories are all seen,
 Their influence felt; but preaching can't afford
 A full hour's joy and peace; thy dazzling sheen
 Eclipses all the books and sermons e'er have been.

STRAGGLING THOUGHTS.

Ah, thou bane of my life, dull bashfulness,
 Why fix thy leaden fetters upon me ?

Have I not youth's fair face? have I not dress?
 Those mighty things that fill a lassie's e'e;
 Have I not common sense, and sometimes glee?
 Have I not marvellous thoughts at times to speak?
 All rendered insignificant by thee,
 Chain of the tongue; inflamer of the cheek;
 Clog of ambition; how pitifully weak!

The bashful wooer—how unblest his fate,
 When some loquacious maid his fancy claims!
 'Tis he alone who feels the utmost weight
 Of love's sad misery: his face in flames,
 His heart convuls'd, blundering on themes
 The most unfitting for his fair one's ear;
 And yet she smiles, though inwardly she blames
 His simple aspect, and his manners queer;
 Then says, 'tis half-past ten, and I should not be here.

Then round her neck his awkward arms are flung;
 You'd almost think her lips would be embrac'd;
 But no—he only says, the bell's not rung,
 And wonders wildly at her seeming haste.
 O love, thou'rt pitiful when over-chaste—

When nought is utter'd but plain sober sense ;
 On such a wooer love is thrown to waste ;
 Not only love, but time, and hard-won pence—
 To be a Bachelor twenty summers hence.

Now, up she starts, and cannot, will not stay ;
 So he's obliged to ring the reckoning bell,
 Then bluntly asks the landlord what's to pay,
 While sits in sullen mood the lovely belle ;
 So out they come—but, shocking tale to tell—
 There's no uncommon sight to wonder at !
 The tongue lies dormant in its iv'ry cell,
 Refusing to do office—when a cat
 Leaps 'cross the street, and yields a little chat.

O dulness, thou'rt a dangerous disease
 To him who wants to win a lovely maid ;
 He's fairly lost, unless he hug and squeeze
 The little moments when there's nothing said ;
 Of her offending never be afraid ;
 Though oft repuls'd, renew the sweet attack ;
 And when her lips in wait of yours are laid,
 Be sure you give them the desired smack—
 Let always kissing be the chorus of your crack.

But stop ! I'm teaching others how to woo,
 An art which amorous Ovid taught of yere ;
 An art with which I should have nought to do,
 Since in its practice I am quite a boor.
 O lovely Venus ! it must grieve thee sore,
 To see my pride thy influence put down ;
 To see the face you taught me to adore
 For ever 'sullied with a peevish frown,
 When one sweet kiss, or two, would make her all my
 own.

SWORD OF WALLACE.

SWORD of the mighty,
 Thy triumphs are o'er ;
 The arm that was weighty
 Can wield thee no more !

Thou flambeau of freedom !
 Thou brand of the brave !
 The terror of foemen !
 The death of the slave !

Thy Wallace hath left thee
To rot in thy rust ;
Oh ! where is the hand that is
Worthy thy trust ?

Thou fell on the foe
Like the heav'n-shot star ;
And where was the helm
Thy vengeance could mar !

No more in the battle
Thou'lt crush the proud mail,
Nor clang with war's rattle
When foemen assail.

The thistle, aspirant,
Waves wildly and free,
Since the blood of the tyrant
Is blanch'd upon thee !

SONGS.

THE MAY-DAY OF LOVE.

Ans.—Sae will we yet.

HALLOW'D day of happiness, O where art thou cast?
Dost thou shine on the future, or illumine the past?
That thou art yet untasted, hope often tries to prove,
But memory tells my heart thou wert the May-day
of love;

The May-day of love, the May-day of love,
The diamond day of life is the May-day of love!

What boots it though with age we wisdom can boast,
When the death of some dear joy is always its cost?
O'er the flow'ry fields of youth, unknowing, let me
rove,

And feast on smiles which only gild the May-day of
love!

The May-day of love, &c.

Gay are the airy castles which hope proudly rears,
 But ere we can inhabit them the fabric disappears ;
 The heart, disappointed, for comfort seeks the grove
 Which bloom'd, a second Eden, on the May-day of
 love.

The May-day of love, &c.

When life's pallid autumn puts on her furrow'd face,
 The sunny hours of passion fond memory will retrace ;
 Tho' the heart be half assur'd of eternal joy above,
 Still 'twill sigh, and wish to spend again the May-day
 of love.

The May-day of love, &c.

THE SEA-BOY.

AIR—The Soldier's Tear.

THE storm grew faint, as day-light ting'd
 The lofty billow's crest ;
 And love-lit hopes, with fears yet fring'd,
 Danc'd in the sea-boy's breast.

And perch'd aloft, he cheer'ly sung
 To the billow's less'ning roar—
 O Ellen, so fair, so free, and young,
 I'll see thee yet once more !

And oh, what joy beam'd in his eye,
 When, o'er the dusky foam,
 He saw, beneath the northern sky,
 The hills that mark'd his home !
 His heart with double ardour strung,
 He sung this ditty o'er—
 O Ellen, so fair, so free, and young,
 I'll see thee yet once more !

Now tow'rs and trees rise on his sight,
 And many a dear-lov'd spot ;
 And, smiling o'er the blue waves bright,
 He saw young Ellen's cot.
 The scenes on which his memory hung
 A cheerful aspect wore ;
 He then with joyous feeling sung,
 I'll see her yet once more !

The land they near'd, and on the beach
 Stood many a female form ;

But ah ! his eye it could not reach
 His hope in many a storm !
 He through the spray, impatient, sprung,
 And gain'd the wish'd-for shore ;
 But Ellen, so fair, so sweet, and young,
 Was gone for evermore !

MENNIE LORN.

WHILE beaus and belles parade the streets,
 On summer gloamings gay,
 And barter'd smiles, and borrow'd sweets,
 And all such vain display,
 My walks are where the bean-field's breath
 On evening's breeze is borne,
 With her, the angel of my heart,
 My lovely Mennie Lorn.

Love's ambuscade's her auburn hair,
 Love's throne her azure eye,
 Where peerless charms and virtues rare
 In blended beauty lie.

The rose is fair at break of day,
 And sweet the blushing thorn;
 But sweeter, fairer far than they,
 The smile of Mennie Lorn.

O tell me not of olive groves,
 Where gold and gems abound;
 Of deep-blue eyes, and maiden loves,
 With every virtue crown'd:
 I ask no other ray of joy
 Life's desert to adorn,
 Than that sweet bliss which ne'er can cloy,
 The love of Mennie Lorn!

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

AIR—The banks of the Devon.

O SAY not o' war the young soldier is weary,
 Ye wha in battle ha'e witness'd his flame;
 Remember his daring when danger was near ye,
 Forgive ye the sigh that he heaves for his hame.

Past perils he heeds not, nor dangers yet coming ;
 Frae dark brooding terror his young heart is free ;
 But it pants for the place whar in youth he was
 roaming—

He turns to the north, wi' the tear in his e'e.

'Tis remembrance that softens what war never daunted,
 'Tis the hame o' his birth that gives birth to the
 tear ;

The warm-fondl'd hopes his first love had implanted,
 He langhs now to reap, in his Jeanie sae dear.

An' aften he thinks on the bonny clear burnie,
 Whar oft in love's fondness they daff'd their young
 day ;

Nae tear then was sheded, for short was the journey
 'Tween Jeanie's broom bow'r and the blaeberry
 brae.

An' weel does he mind o' that morning, when dressing
 In green Highland garb, to cross the wide sea ;
 His auld mither grat when she gi'ed him her blessing,
 'Twas a' that the puir body then had to gi'e.
 The black downy plume on his bonny cheek babbit,
 As he stood at the door, an' shook hands wi' them a' ;

But sair was his heart, an' sair Jeanie sabbit,
 Whan down the burn-side she convoy'd him awa'.

Now high-headed Alps an' dark seas divide them,
 Wilds ne'er imagin'd in love's early dream ;
 Their Alps then, the knowes whar the lambs lay be-
 side them ;

Their seas then, the hazel an' saugh-shaded stream.
 An' wha cou'dna sigh when memory's revealing
 The scenes that surrounded our life's early hame ?
 The hero whose heart is cauld to that feeling,
 His nature is harsh, an' not worthy the name.

DOCTOR CAM'LTON.

AIR—Green grows the rushes, O.

DAINTY Doctor Cam'lton,
 Canty Doctor Cam'lton,
 Love's bond wi' thee I wadna break,
 To be the laird o' Hamilton.

Since first thy jolly face I saw,
 Since first I shook thy friendly paw,

F

My heart's had aye a blyther tone,
Dainty Doctor Cam'lton.

Canty Doctor Cam'lton, &c.

Some sages say, some preachers tell,
Thou art the leading path to hell ;
But oh! forgive their masked frown—
They like *thee*, Doctor Cam'lton.

Canty Doctor Cam'lton, &c.

Had thou been born in Burns's day,
A richer wreath, a warmer lay,
Around thy temples had been thrown,
Dainty Doctor Cam'lton.

Canty Doctor Cam'lton, &c.

But though I canna rhyme sae weel,
My brain has aye a burning zeal
Thy matchless glories to make known,
Dainty Doctor Cam'lton.

Canty Doctor Cam'lton, &c.

The genius o' thy youthful days
Lay hid amang Glenramskil braes ;

But now, o'er a' the earth is gone
The fame o' Doctor Cam'lton.

Canty Doctor Cam'lton, &c.

Some fools, for fear o' future ills,
Hoard by the universal pills;
But Morison was quite a drone,
Compar'd wi' Doctor Cam'lton.

Canty Doctor Cam'lton, &c.

The lowen love I own'd thee first
Grows stronger aye the langer nurs'd;
And while the wheels o' life jog on,
I'll love thee, Doctor Cam'lton.

Canty Doctor Cam'lton, &c.

Aye when my head or heart grows sair
Wi' heavy toil or drooping care,
To stay my grief—to still my moan,
O bring me Doctor Cam'lton.

Canty Doctor Cam'lton, &c.

Of this gay world a' I ask,
When I get by my weekly task,

'S a cutty pipe an' barley scone
 Alang wi' Doctor Cam'lton.
 Canty Doctor Cam'lton, &c.

THE LAND I LOVE.

THE land I lo'e, the land I lo'e,
 Is the land of the plaid and bonnet blue,
 Of the gallant heart, the firm and true,
 The land of the hardy thistle.

Isle of the free-born, honour'd and blest,
 Isle of beauty, in innocence dress'd,
 The loveliest star on ocean's breast
 Is the land of the hardy thistle.

Fair are those isles of Indian bloom,
 Whose flow'rs perpetual breathe perfume;
 But dearer far are the braes o' broom,
 Where blooms the hardy thistle.

No luscious fig-tree blossoms there,
 No slaves the scented shrubb'ry rear,
 Her sons are free as the mountain air
 That shakes the hardy thistle.

Lovely's the tint o' an eastern sky,
 And lovely the lands that 'neath it lie ;
 But I wish to live, and I wish to die
 In the land of the hardy thistle !

O WILT THOU KEEP.

O WILT thou keep the smile for me
 That's playing on thy bonny cheek—
 That lights wi' joy thy sunny e'e,
 And speaks of bliss thou wilt not speak ?

My heart though sad, when thou art near,
 High-beating joys resume their sway ;
 What soul so dark thou couldst not cheer !
 What grief thy smile could not allay !

Oh! if it were the noon-day sun,
 Or twilight's tranquil sky of blue!
 That I at will might gaze upon,
 I would at will be happy too.

Though I'm not destin'd now to doat,
 As when I daily saw thy face,
 Yet there's a thrill that's ne'er forgot—
 The flow of many a past embrace.

O wilt thou keep that smile for me,
 Though sense and virtue place thee far
 Above the heart whose life is thee,
 Whose whims and freaks are wisdom's bar?

Temptation's beacons, as they shine
 Their burning lights o'er life's dark sea,
 May trap young hearts; but know that mine
 Untempted lives by aught but thee.

MY FATHER THREATS.

My father threats, and flatters me
 To tak the auld rich farmer;

But I hae lo'ed owre lang to lea'e
 A heart baith young an' warmer.

There's no a joe this heart can please,
 Tho' e'er sae rich and gaudy,
 Like he that breathes the mountain breeze,
 My braw, young shepherd laddie.

He brings me berries ripe an' sweet,
 The boggie rose he pu's me ;
 He blaws his pipe till rocks repeat
 How dearly Sandy lo'es me.

My mither flytes, an' ca's me slut,
 Frae Saturday till Friday,
 And says the loun has naething but
 A bonnet and a plaidie.

Yet ah ! I ken his heart is true,
 And weel I ken he lo'es me !
 The thought o't lightens aye my mind ;
 When tattling tongues abuse me.

O fate ! but gie me Sandy Shaw,
 Then let the warld spurn me ;

Weel happy be whar thistles blaw
Beside the mountain burnie.

HAPPY DAY WHEN LOVE WAS DAWN- ING.

Air—Maid of Islay.

HAPPY day when love was dawning
In thy e'en o' bonnie blue!
When hope with fairy tongue was fanning
Gay desires that daily grew.

When I watch'd the wandering blushes
Spreading o'er thy dimpl'd cheek,
My bosom formed a thousand wishes
Dearer than the tongue could speak.

Happy days, devoid of sorrow,
When no cares could cloud my mind;
Every eve and every morrow
Told me thou wert still as kind.

Oft when on this bosom leaning,
 Thoughtful silence nurs'd thy sigh,
 While fondly thus I read its meaning,
 Thine was love that ne'er could die.

Sweet the hope, yet, ah! deceiving,
 Still my breast could not resign
 The heavenly joy of thus believing
 Thou for ever would be mine.

But now another's art has won thee ;
 Thou art blest in his embrace ;
 Now with broken heart I shun thee—
 Never more to see thy face.

I may be blest with fortune fawning ;
 Joys for me may yet remain ;
 Yet joys like those that hail'd love's dawning
 Ne'er can greet this heart again.

LIBERTY'S CHOICE.

WHEN the word of creation pervaded the void,
 And Britain and Erin arose in their pride ;

Young liberty look'd from her heavenly bower,
 To choose for her pleasure a favourite flower.
 The rose and the shamrock were striving to please,
 But she turn'd from them saying, "'twill be none of
 these ;"

Next o'er the wild north she flash'd her bright e'e,
 And stampt the green thistle the queen of the three.

Saying, Bloom, hardy thistle,
 Thou ever wilt be
 The pride of auld Scotia,
 The flower of the free.

And thy emblem will shine on the warrior's shield,
 When the heart of oppression against thee is steel'd ;
 Should the Roman come near thee, his stay will be
 brief,

And the best blood of Denmark shall hallow thy leaf ;
 And England's high-crested and proud-daring host,
 Thy spirit shall know, and know to its cost ;
 Then o'er the wide world ambition will see,
 'That the green Scottish thistle is sacred to me.

So, bloom, hardy thistle,
 Thou ever wilt be
 The pride of auld Scotia,
 The flower of the free.

THE SUMMER'S LEFT OUR NORTH- ERN SHORE.

Air—The Girl I left behind me.

THE summer's left our northern shore,
 And autumn joy's beginning ;
 And now, like thee, young Eleanor,
 The weather's mild and winning.
 If thou can'st leave the gaudy fair,
 And be as blythe an' cheery
 As those light hearts that linger there,
 O come, and be my dearie!

Leave dress an' shows to belles an' beaus,
 (Such joys alone can charm them);
 To those cold hearts that love ne'er knows,
 Leave balls an' wines to warm them.

If thou can'st woo in highland grove,
Nor think it dull and dreary,
Sure heaven itself will be that love,
So come, and be my dearie !

With thee I'd pace the pebbly beach
When the golden day's declining;
I'd keep thee out the evil reach
Of every eye designing.
When night enshrouds the mountain's crest,
And thou of walking weary,
A downy bed will be thy rest,
A guileless heart will cheer thee.

Then go with me those sweets to share,
And bid the fair good morrow ;
Those joys can sweet reflection bear,
Without a tinge of sorrow.
The steamer dashes wide the spray,
The wee boat waits our coming ;
And love can think of no delay,—
So haste, an' lets be roaming.

WHILE MINOR BARDS.

Air—Loch Broch Side.

WHILE minor bards their lasses sing,
 And echoes to their praises ring,
 My nameless muse spreads wide her wing,
 And whispers, bonny Mary!
 Fu' well I know my rhyming powers
 Are barren of poetic flowers ;
 But then, such worth, such beauty's yours,
 Who could be mute, sweet Mary ?

There's no a flower in nature's care,
 Of sweetest scent and beauty rare,
 But I can trace the graces there
 That 'dorn my lovely Mary.
 The heather-bell that woos the bee,
 The daisy on the desert lea,
 A' speak of modesty and thee,
 My young, my artless Mary.

Yet still, if mere external grace
 Was all thy boast, a bonny face,

This heart, tho' poor, could ne'er give place
 To thee, my lovely Mary.
 But charms of fair celestial kind
 Adorn thy thoughts, compose thy mind ;
 Love, wit, and sense, and beauty join'd,
 Are thine, my lovely Mary.

O ! never say I love thee not !
 O ! never think thou art forgot !
 My life would be a dreary blot,
 If 'twas not thee, sweet Mary.
 While time and ocean's billows roll,
 While raging winters storm the pole,
 A shining summer in my soul
 Thou'lt bloom, my lovely Mary.

BLAIROCK MOSS-SIDE.

BLOOM freshly, ye flowerets, sing sweetly, ye birds,
 Around the green spot where my wee Annie herds ;
 In innocent joys her bosom to guide ;
 For she is the flower o' the Blairrock Moss-side.

Her face is as sweet as the half-open rose,
 When the dews o' the morning upon it repose ;
 Her e'en are as black an' bewitchingly clear,
 As the loch, when the stars on its bosom appear.

Her lang flowing locks are as black as the crow,
 An' hang o'er a bosom as white as the snaw ;
 A king but to look wad forget his degree—
 Sic pleasure is got frae the glance o' her e'e.

When gloaming grows gray, I slip on my plaid,
 An' dauner to meet her down by the Moss-side ;
 Whenever I see her my bosom's a flame ;
 And 'tis aye gayen late e'er the ewes get hame.

Tho' I'm but a servant, an' Annie's the same,
 For a station much higher I harbour nae aim ;
 The kind love that dwells in my Annie's dark e'e,
 Is worth a' the wealth in the world to me.

The lassies o' fashion that flaunt through the town,
 To hide their big ancles maun hae a side gown ;
 But Annie's coarse coatie is ne'er worn sae side,
 When naething is wanting, there's naething to hide.

What misers think maist o' I ha'ena to brag,
 Save twa-three odd shillings row'd up in a rag,
 I'll carefully keep them till I get my fee,
 To help to set out bonnie Annie an' me.

The laird he has let me the cot in the glen,
 A cozie wee butt, an' a cozie wee ben ;
 A cow an' a ewe he has promised to gie—
 Then wha'll be sae happy as Annie an' me ?

HARP OF THE GREEN ISLE.

Air—The Campbells are coming.

HARP of the green isle, awake, awake !
 Tyranny totters, and orangemen quake !
 Sound thy wild numbers o'er mountain and sea,
 The sons of Old Erin are born to be free !

The tacksman may swear, and the parson may hoot,
 The laws, too, may threaten, the soldier may shoot ;
 Coercions and bullets serve but as the wind
 To blazen the fires that are born in the mind.

Harp of the green isle, &c.

O Erin ! 'tis thine to know sorrow and pain,
 But the hopes that lay trampled now triumph again ;
 The bold agitator has fearlessly broke
 The chain of thy slumbers, the cord of thy yoke.
 Harp of the green isle, &c.

But should suffering seem nought, and eloquence vain,
 The arm's ever ready that baffled the Dane ;
 And what it yet can do some despots will see,
 Ere the spirit that's wakened shall slumber unfree.
 Harp of the green isle, &c.

DO YE MIND INCHINNAN LOAN, BONNY MARY, O ?

Air—Kelvin Grove.

Do ye mind Inchinnan loan, bonny Mary, O ?
 Where the pride o' summer shone, bonny Mary, O ?
 Where we were wont to stray,
 When love was young and gay,
 And pleasure led the way, bonny Mary, O.

G

When the stars o' twilight gleam'd, bonny Mary, O,
And on earth's bosom beam'd, bonny Mary, O ;

On its banks the hawthorn tree,
An' the bonny blossom'd pea,
Shed their sweets for you and me, bonny Mary, O.

I have seen the city belle, bonny Mary, O,
An' the milkmaid in the dell, bonny Mary, O ;

But for beauty there was none
Like her I deem'd my own,
An' that was thee alone, bonny Mary, O.

But ah ! a rival's art, bonny Mary, O,
Untimely made us part, bonny Mary, O ;

He had a heart o' guile,
An' a fause betraying smile,
Wi' a tongue that well could wile, bonny Mary, O.

Now summer comes again, bonny Mary, O,
But nae joys for me remain, bonny Mary, O ;

Tho' the violets in the vale,
Load with sweets the e'ening gale ;
This heart they canna' heal, bonny Mary, O.

For thou wert dear to me, bonny Mary, O!
 Though not belov'd by thee, bonny Mary, O;
 And when a lad ye find,
 More fitting to your mind,
 May he be aye as kind, bonny Mary, O!

If in your lover's arms, bonny Mary, O,
 Ye reflect on former charms, bonny Mary, O;
 From your heart a sigh may steal,
 That pride would fain conceal,
 And early love reveal, bonny Mary, O.

The sun may cease to set, bonny Mary, O,
 Or to rise he may forget, bonny Mary, O,
 But thee I will think on,
 An' sweet Inchinnan loan,
 Till the power of thought is gone, bonny Mary, O.

THY BANKS, BONNY GRYFE.

Air—O'er the hills an' far awa.

Thy banks, bonny Gryfe, when gloamin' fa's,
 I love to muse an' roam amang;

Craigen's woods an' echoing ha's—

Gi'e back to me their langsyne sang.

Thy banks, bonny Gryfe, recal the days,

The days that early passion blest ;

I see the bush an' the bracken braes,

Where first my Jeanie's lips I prest.

Thy banks, bonny Gryfe, green woodlands deck,

And wild flowers kiss thy amber tide ;

But the fairest flower thou canst reflect,

Is Jeanie, tripping by thy side.

Thy banks, bonny Gryfe, will aye be dear ;

From memory's ken they'll ne'er depart :

Twas there I pledged the vow sincere,

The vow that fix'd my Jeanie's heart.

MY HEART BOUNDS LIGHT.

Air—Ballochmyle.

My heart bounds light when the short'ning days

Tell of autumn's happy prime ;

The big red moon, sweet, smiling, says—

This is love's delightful time.

The robin's notes, to music dear,

Come wafted down the willow burn ;

The loch, with silvery dimples clear,

Proclaim the gloaming star's return.

O, these are hours of hope and joy,

The dearest that to life pertain !

The modest blush and beaming eye

Thrills sweet in every youthful vein.

Haste, then, sweet Peggy ! let us love,

Ere life's dull winter heave in sight ;

The passion we so dearly prove

Lives only then in mem'ry's light.

JEANIE LEE.

AIR—Green grows the rushes, O.

Who is she the village eyes

Are ever pleas'd to dwell upon ?

Who is she ilk fond youth tries,

With all his art, to make his own ?

Who is the queen, the reigning toast,
 Wherever she is seen to be ?
 Who but my bosom's sacred boast—
 My bonny, blue-ey'd Jeanie Lee.

My bonny, blue-ey'd Jeanie Lee,
 'Bove all the earth thou'rt dear to me ;
 May dastard guile ne'er dim the smile
 That's blinking in thy bonny e'e.

As violets show, at break o' day,
 Their beauties through a crystal veil,
 So Jeanie's een o' blue pourtray
 A heart where heaven's graces dwell.
 The gowden locks play on her brow,
 Like sunbeams on a summer sea ;
 She has my heart, she has my vow,
 My bonny, blue-ey'd Jeanie Lee.
 My bonny, blue-ey'd, &c.

Be blest for aye the bonny night
 I met her on the village green ;
 We danc'd and sang till morning light,
 Nor felt the time gaun by, I ween.

And mony a reel we've danc'd since syne,
 And mony a sang we've sang wi' glee;
 And she's the soul of every line,
 My bonny, blue-ey'd Jeanie Lee.
 My bonny, blue-ey'd, &c.

O fate or fortune! power supreme!
 Controller of this earthly ball!
 Thou'st wreck'd my hopes in many an aim,
 Yet one is left, more dear than all!
 And that one wish, oh! do thou grant,
 Whate'er thy future will may be!
 'Tis life, 'tis joy, 'tis all I want—
 My bonny, blue-ey'd Jeanie Lee!
 My bonny, blue-ey'd, &c.

CALEDONIA, MY ISLE.

CALEDONIA, my isle, tho' despots may rave,
 Despite them, thou'lt bloom fair an' free!
 The heart that can brook the vile epithet, slave,
 Was never adopted by thee.

When freedom's sweet fount from heaven first flow'd,
 Our forefathers drank of the spring;
 And for two thousand years that spirit hath glow'd,
 And still to our bosoms 'twill cling.

In peace we are calm, as when mid-summer reigns;
 In war, like the storms of our land!
 Our bosoms are love, unentangled with chains,
 Save the fetters at love's command.

Let the full cup of friendship go merrily round,
 Since our freedom's recorded above;
 Let us drink to the isle where brave hearts abound,
 And the dear smiling eyes that we love.

So long as our dark frowning rocks shall resist
 The dash of the hurricane wave,
 We'll ne'er let our cakes nor our daughters be kiss'd
 By the despot, the tyrant, or slave!

IF TO THINE ARMS.

IF to thine arms he's welcomer—
 More dear unto thy heart—

O let him hold his station there,
 And thee and I will part.
 For had I known thy heart was tied
 To earlier vows than mine,
 Thy sweetest smile I had defied,
 Although so much divine.

I lov'd thee, and my every thought
 Was how to make thee blest ;
 I lov'd thee—but it went for nought—
 Thou lov'd another best.
 And since I've cured his fickleness,
 By being true to thee—
 Go, snatch his reconciling kiss :
 This heart can yet be free.

SWEET JESSIE.

HER crimson cleuk o'er Mistilaw
 The gowden gloaming flings ;
 The day's finale, in Garnock Shaw,
 The e'ning minstrel sings.

Serene, the setting sunbeams kiss
 A calm, unruff'd sea ;
 To heavenise an hour like this,
 Sweet Jessie ! needs but thee.

Meek, in its lap o' dewy leaves
 The rosebud hides its face ;
 And yonder woodland scene receives
 A sweet, a pensive grace.
 In ilka bower an' love-recess
 Rings mirth an' melody ;
 To heavenise an hour like this,
 Sweet Jessie ! needs but thee.

Some hearts, for sake o' silken show,
 Prefer the noon-day sun ;
 To me more dear the joys that flow
 When ance his race is run.
 When the rising moon sheds loveliness
 O'er burnie, bow'r, and' lea,
 'Tis then I share celestial bliss,
 If, Jessie, shar'd wi' thee !

I DARNA CA' THEE JEANIE NOW.

AIR—Bonny Jeanie Gray.

I DARNA ca' thee Jeanie now—

It maun be aye Miss Jean :
The sil'er star upon thy brow
Says, artless Jeanie's gane !

An' gane are a' the kindly charms

Ye wore at sweet fifteen ;
Ye then could lie within my arms,
An' never think it mean.

I darna ca' thee Jeanie now, &c.

Thy cheeks ance flush'd wi' rosy sweets

Whene'er I met wi' thee ;
Nae mair the rose an' lily meets
On that fair cheek for me !

I darna ca' thee Jeanie now, &c.

Oh, wae upon thy granny's gowd !

Oh, wae upon its wile !

It made thee, Jeanie, shy an' proud,
 An' drew frae me thy smile.

I darna ca' thee Jeanie now, &c.

It cuist a hardness o'er thy heart,
 A cauldness in thy e'e ;
 It spak' the doom that we maun part,
 An' separate-live an' die.

I darna ca' thee Jeanie now, &c.

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

AIR—Gude night an' joy be wi' you a'.

ANCE mair aroun' the festive board
 We've met, the new-born year to hail ;
 An' while we're here, let hearts accord,
 An' mirth o'er a' our cares prevail.
 An' while this night we hoist the sail,
 To scud anither year awa',
 We'll sing, however blaws the gale,
 A guid new-year to ane an' a' !

Of thirty-five we've seen ae ed—

The ither we may never see ;

Yet while we ha'e a groat to spend,

We'll a' be canty while we be.

Should partial fortune frown a wee,

From friendship's fount content we'll draw ;

Then let us sing in social glee,

A guide new-year to ane an' a' !

An' here's to Paisley lasses fair,

The pride o' a' the kintry roun' ;

We'll meet wi' braw anes every where,

Yet beauty's throne is Paisley town.

Lang may they reign, auld Scotia's boast,

Sae guid, sae guileless, an' sae braw ;

An' while I sing, be this my toast,

A bonnie lad to ane an' a'.

Let would-be wisdom scoff an' scowl ;

Let temperance zealots shew disdain ;

Here's to the open friendly soul,

Can either drink or let alane !

The social group, the meikle stoup,

Made universal now by law,

We'll drain it dry, and sing wi' joy,
A guid new-year to ane an' a'!

By this-day-year, some faces here
May wear the matrimonial smile;
An' some may lie beneath the sward,
An' ithers on a foreign soil;
How that may be let fate decree;
This night we've met at friendship's ca',
An' while we sing, may heaven bring
A guid new-year to ane an' a'!

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

AIR—Cam ye by Athol.

OH! he's a comely youth, him with the auburn hair;
Valour and love in his eye beam clearly;
Proud on his bonnet the eagle plume's waving fair;
Rise, Caledonia! welcome your Charlie!

He's come from afar, to fight for his father-rights,
Rights now his own by strangers invaded;

Rise, ye brave lowlanders! rise, hardy heather-wights,
Fly to his standard! your honour's degraded!

Summon your ancient blood! come to Lochaber!

Let memory muster the wrongs of the Stewarts:
Bring the broad target, and blood-thirsty sabre!
Gather around him, ye gallant and true hearts!

With patriot affection and warmth he'll await you;
Gird on your arms, ye young, and ye hoary,
On to the conflict! let nothing defeat you;
'Till Scotia recover her Wallace-won glory!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

O HEARD ye the pibroch yestreen in the glen?
Rejoice now, ye Brunswicks that dreaded the strain;
Since the hopes that pervaded each highland heart then
Will never awake to those wild notes again!
The day now has dawn'd, as wae fu' a day
As e'er broke the mist on the mountains sae blue;
Bloody and cold, on a bleak highland braise,
Lie the lads of Lochaber, sae gallant and true!

Hopeful and high, they strode on the moor,
 In the full flush of manhood with valour allied ;
 But alas ! now the dreams of their glory are o'er,
 And trampled's the bonnet, and bloody the plaid !
 The war-warning pibroch is heard now no more,
 While many a lone maid its last notes will mourn ;
 The rights of their prince heaven yet may restore,
 But the lads of Lochaber can never return !

FAIRLEY SHORE.

AIR—The banks o' Clyde.

DEAR Mary, since the day we met,
 I've aye had happy hours in store ;
 But 'boon them a' I'll ne'er forget
 Yon July eve on Fairley shore !
 The witching airs your sweet face wore,
 The seraph smile, the love-lit eye,
 My fond heart felt and did adore,
 With adoration ne'er to die.

The starlight gem'd the waveless sea,
 The mavis sang in Kelburne glade ;

While love and hope to heart and e'e
 A world without a want display'd.
 Had England's lofty Adelaide
 Then offered me her jewel'd hand,
 'Twould but have shewn thee, dearest maid,
 Thy modest smile had more command.

But wayward pride and demon fate
 Have thrown their rankling thorns between ;
 Thy dark eye burns with jealous hate,
 Where love and beauty erst had been :
 Still though you frown, though fortune scowl,
 And oceans wide between us roar,
 They'll never banish from my soul
 That July eve on Fairley shore !

O LAURA, LEAVE THE TOILET.

Oh, Laura ! leave the toilet,
 Nor coax another killing charm ;
 Else the mirror that you smile at,
 With perfect passion will grow warm.
 Leave airs to angry faces,
 Whom nature never deigned to please ;
 H

Preserve your native graces,
Where all things lovely live at ease.

When beauty first array'd thee,
And gave thine eye her own bright hue,
Proud art stepp'd in to aid thee,
But found he'd nothing more to do :
Then, Laura, leave the toilet,
To wander by the moon-lit stream ;
Pure innocence our pilot,
And purest love will be our theme.

THE BROAD SUN HANGS ON OCEAN'S EDGE.

THE broad sun hangs on ocean's edge,
Gilding fair the brow of night,
Soothing soft the billow's rage,
Waking dreams and visions bright.

Then, swiftly bound, my bonny bark !
Blow, ye gales of even, blow !
Love's star will lead me through the dark,
While to Nora's cot I go.

When sky-bound seas her blushes hide,
 Will I repine upon the shore?
 Oh, no! tho' clouds and billows chide,
 For her I'll brave their loudest roar!
 Then swiftly bound.

Altho' my rough Hebridian fate
 Is not 'mong bowers and roses cast,
 Where simpering wooers sigh and prate,
 Yet sweet is love when danger's past!
 Then swiftly bound.

What tho' I'm on the sunless deep?
 What tho' night's shadows darker lower?
 I'll soon behold wild Jura's steep,
 And soon will press wild Jura's flower!
 Then swiftly bound.

INCHINNAN LOAN.

AIR—Jockey's far awa.

INCHINNAN loan, Inchinnan loan,
 On thee I'll ever doat;

Sweet youth a charm has o'er thee thrown,
 Dark death can only blot.
 A charm, the first on mem'ry's roll,
 And doom'd the last to be ;
 For there, oh, there illumed my soul
 The smile o' Ellen's e'e !

'Twas there the world's sinless side
 First opened to my view,
 When cold distrust and faithless pride
 Were things I never knew.
 And ah ! why do I know them now ?
 Why did I live to see
 Make blythely gay a rival's brow
 The smile o' Ellen's e'e ?

Thy sylvan walks, when cynthia beams,
 In dreams with her I tread ;
 And now, alas ! they are but dreams—
 The real's for ever fled !
 And broken is the mystic chain
 That bound all bliss in me ;
 'Tis destined ne'er to charm again,
 The smile o' Ellen's e'e !

THE FLOWER OF LEVEN SIDE.

Air—Johnnie's grey breeks.

WHEN gloaming, with his locks of love,
 Bedews with tears the verdant dale,
 With joy enraptur'd let me rove
 Along the verge of Leven vale.
 There zephyrs reap the sweet perfumes
 Of dewy flow'rets scatter'd wide;
 And there, obscure, my Mary blooms,
 The fairest flower on Leven side.

How sweet the tints aurora gives
 To violets bath'd in balmy dew!
 But sweeter far the love that lives
 In Mary's een o' ocean blue.
 She trips, a goddess, o'er the green,
 Sae trimly in her tartan plaid;
 Her heaving bosom, hafflin's seen,
 And pure as Leven's limpid tide.

To meet with her at eve's soft hour,
 What transports dear, what raptures start!

Her smile of sweet complaisance pours
 A flood of joy warm on my heart.
 There's strapping nymphs by Ayrshire streams,
 And gaudy on the banks o' Clyde ;
 For simple beauty, Mary beams
 A fairer far on Leven side.

Give fawning fops to haughty dames,
 Let misers reap their poor desire ;
 Give me but sense to feel the flames
 That Mary's modest worth inspire. '
 Through life 'twill be my darling care,
 My lightest labour and my pride,
 What ever features fate may wear,
 To tend the flower of Leven side.

ANNIE LYLE.

WHEN love was in the bud, an' hope was young an'
 green,
 Thy bonny face was blest wi' the blush o' sweet
 fifteen ;
 Ah ! thae were days o' bliss devoid o' ony guile,
 An' thou wert then my ain lass, fair Annie Lyle !

Sweet, sweet the throstle sang in Locher woods at e'en,
 An' fair the daisy sprang on the dew-bespangled
 green ;

Tho' sweet the throstle's notes, an' fair the daisy's smile,
 Their beauties were but lost in thee, fair Annie Lyle !

Aften hae I hung o'er the precipice's brow,
 An' gather'd nuts for thee frae the green hazel bough ;
 Tho' dangerous the task, I regarded not the toil,
 For aye I got a smile frae thee, fair Annie Lyle !

But thy form grew far o'er fair for thee not to know
 That wealthier lads than me to thy beauty would
 bow ;

Now gold and pomp have won thee wi' a fause de-
 ceiving wile,
 An' thou art now a gentle bride, fair Annie Lyle !

I see thy blue eye yet, but to hope I maunna dare,
 Altho' the smile that chain'd my heart still beams as
 lovely there ;

Dejected I must wander, an' be a lone exile,
 Far, far frae thee and Locher burn, fair Annie Lyle !

OAK OF ELDERSLIE.

LAUREL of the brave and free,
Thou art fastly fading !
Spring is smiling on the lea,
But to thee unaiding.

Storm'd by many a winter's war,
Now thou'rt old and hoary ;
Thou wert young when freedom's star
Smil'd on Scottish glory.

Tho' England wav'd her victor plume
O'er lands where slaves did let her ;
The rugged soil that bade thee bloom
She could ne'er enfetter.

Thou must fall ! but ah ! the fame
Of Wallace ne'er shall perish !
Embers of his mighty flame
Scottish hearts shall cherish !

GLENPATRICK.

To Glenpatrick, at the gloaming hour,

Jeanie, wilt thou gang,

To twine the honeysuckle bower,

And hear the throstle's sang ?

There nature ope's her sylvan arms

To hail thee, welcome guest,

And Flora spreads her choicest charms

To deck thy bosom chaste.

There trees, like warriors garb'd in green,

Wave fair on every side ;

The woodland burn rows sweet between,

And fairy murmurs glide.

No step intruding shall annoy

Our tale of love refin'd ;

But visions pent with purest joy

Will cheer thy pensive mind.

Then leave the world's bustling roar,

The town's discordant din,

And seek the burn that warbles o'er

The wood-encircl'd linn !

There on a bed of violets spread,
 We'll breathe our mutual flame,
 And stars will fly the morning sky,
 Before we think on hame.

FAIR ELLEN.

FAIR Ellen, had I lov'd thee first,
 My lot had been less hard ;
 The passion I so vainly nurst
 Had met a meet reward.
 My heart is simple like thine own,
 Unskill'd in guile's dark ways ;
 But from it now the fire hath flown,
 Which was thy hope to raise.

In him life's tide hath ebb'd low,
 Thy charms can not inspire ;
 And now, alas ! with me 'tis so,
 I look, but can't admire !
 And whiles I think I'll love thee yet—
 But 'tis a brainless thought ;
 The next sad moment brings regret,
 My heart's already bought.

I MAUN AWA', BONNY MARY.

AIR—Roy's Wife.

I MAUN awa', bonny Mary!
 I maun awa', bonny Mary!
 I maun awa', whate'er befa',
 Wi' you I winna langer tarry.

When first my bosom wildly beat
 'Wi' love's convulsing fire, Mary,
 Thou wert my thoughts baith ear' an' late,
 My wish—my whole desire, Mary.
 I maun awa', &c.

Anither face, anither tongue
 Has charm'd thine ear an' e'e, Mary;
 And now the jealous dart has stung
 This heart, ance blest in thee, Mary.
 I maun awa', &c.

To languish on a foreign shore,
 That fate it may be mine, Mary;
 I'd trust the angry ocean's roar,
 But not that smile o' thine, Mary.
 I maun awa', &c.

The dearest boon I ever sought
 Was constancy in thee, Mary !
 When that thy vow thou heeded not,
 My bosom dar'd be free, Mary.
 I maun awa', &c.

LAVINA.

I sigh for Lavina—Lavina is gone,
 And the hopes I held dearest for ever are flown;
 The beams of her blue eyes no more will impart,
 That sweet sunny pleasure so dear to my heart;
 So dear to my heart, now cheerless and lone,
 I sigh for Lavina—Lavina is gone !

I pine in the grotto, made desolate by her ;
 I worship her name deep-grav'd in yon fir ;
 I doat on the rosebud she praised so oft,
 Like her it is lovely, endearing and soft ;
 Its beauty but grieves me, 'tis so like her own,
 I sigh for Lavina—Lavina is gone !

If she had but gone to her long last abode,
 I'd solace my sorrows while wreathing her sod ;

But she shines the first gem of a far foreign isle,
 And the heart of another exults in her smile ;
 Exults in her smile, while here I must moan,
 And sigh for Lavina—Lavina is gone !

TO ELLEN.

I SEE thee strive to gain
 A pathway to my heart ;
 But all thy charms are vain,
 And vainer still thine art.

I hear thy tender talk,
 I hear thy syren voice,
 I see thy graceful walk,—
 Yet thou art not my choice.

I see thy damask cheek,
 I see thy beaming eye ;
 Affection thou canst speak,
 But yet I cannot sigh.

There is a form less fair—
 A face less sweet than thine ;

But ah! there's something there
My heart can ne'er resign!

ELLEN'S BOWER.

AIR—Tarra's Hall.

THE roses bloom on Ellen's bower
In summer beauty gay;
But joy hath fled the twilight hour
Since Ellen's gone away.
The wild-flowers bloom, the warblers chaunt
In many a varied strain;
But Ellen's left love's early haunt,
And every charm is vain.

My young hopes open'd to her smile,
Like blossoms to the day;
I gave my heart, nor dream'd the while
Such sweetness could betray.
'Tis true, life has no happiness
That's free from sorrow's chill;
But ah! there's nought so frail's the bliss
That hangs on woman's will!

O! WHEN THY HAND'S IN MINE!

AIR—What ails this heart o' mine?

OH! when thy hand's in mine,
 Thy soft celestial eye,
 With love's attractive beams divine,
 Draws forth the willing sigh!
 Sure, then, my heart's in heaven!
 Sure, then, I pace the sky!
 Such rapturous bliss could ne'er be given
 From any source less high.

Oh! when thy hand's in mine,
 My lips have nought to say!
 Each passionate throb can best divine
 What tune the heart-strings play.
 Oh! why is time so fleet?
 Oh! why will youth not stay?
 Hopes, smiles, and sighs are things so sweet,
 We ne'er could wish away.

PARODY
ON THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last silver Shilling
Left shining alone ;
All its lovely companions
Are melted and gone ;
No coin of its kindred,
No credit is nigh,
To brighten our wishes,
And drown the sad sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the board ;
Since the landlord desires thee,
Go, swell thou his hoard.
Thus foolish I scatter
What should purchase bread,
To pamper an idler,
And gain a sore head.

And soon I must follow—
Finances decay ;
For now from before me
The stoup's snatch'd away.

When half-crowns are melted,
 And cruckies are flown,
 Ah! who would inhabit
 A tavern alone!

ANNOCK BURN.*

AIR—Jocky's far awa'.

WHY seek ye, love, for sorrow's bow'r,
 And a' around so gay?
 Oh, deem na, love, my heart impure,
 Tho' now I maun away.
 Time may deform ilk feature, dear,
 When far across the sea!
 But ne'er can fade the love I bear
 For Annock Burn and thee.

* This Song was composed by Mr. ROBERT SKIMMING, an intimate friend of the Author's, to whom it was sent in the way of friendly correspondence. Our Author composed, as an answer, "Away, away, thou wintry cloud;" and it expresses a feeling in which he delighted. "Annock Burn" breathes the complaint of a lover being separated from his mistress; while the answer represents her as invoking the winds and waves to be propitious in aiding his return.

The flow'r that blaws on foreign meed,
 For sake o' thee I'll bless ;
 The stream that rows o'er foreign bed,
 Its shades I'll love to trace.
 Wi' dear delight I'll view them a',
 Unseen frae human e'e ;
 'Twill mind me o' the stream and shaw,
 Whar aft we wanton'd free.

Yon sun that gilds our dearest scene,
 Is every where the same ;
 He'll airt me safe to thee again,
 And bonny Annock hame.
 We then will rove our bow'rs amang,
 Ilk joyous morn's return,
 And hark again the gloaming sang
 That echoes up the burn.

AWAY, AWAY.

AIR—Ettrick Banks.

AWAY, away, thou wintry cloud,
 Nor dim the e'e o' joyous spring ;

Away, away—the gales are proud
 To bear thee eastward on their wing!
 I lang to hear the mavis sing.
 His simmer sang in Annock Shaw;
 For then the sunny months will bring
 Me back the lad that's far awa'.

I lang to see the hazels drest,
 O'er-arching Annock's star-lit stream;
 I lang to sleep on Robin's breast,
 And, wak'ning, find it is nae dream!
 Far from his bark, ye lightnings, gleam!
 Let sleep, ye storms, the angry sea!
 That I ance mair may greet the beam,
 The kind love-beam o' Robin's e'e.

MARY IS A BONNY QUEEN.

AIR—Willie was a wanton wag.

My Mary is a bonny queen!
 An' what delights me mair than a',

She never wears a saucy mien,
 Nor ever speaks as she was braw.
 Her bonny breasts are Jura's paps,
 When happit wi' the winter snaw !
 Her laughing een the diamond draps
 That glisten on the cavern wa' !

She shines a moon amang the stars,
 At market, fair, or dancing ha' ;
 Sae modest like her graces strike,
 E'en envy's sel' is sham'd awa'.
 'Twas late yestreen, as hame I steer'd,
 I met her in the birken shaw ;
 The blush upon her cheek appear'd
 A rose amang a wreath o' snaw !

OH, TALK NOT O' SILLER.

Air—Bonnets o' blue.

OH! talk not o' sil'er to me ;
 Oh! talk not o' offers that's gane ;

What signifies a' that sil'er can gi'e,
If the heart is ever in pain ?

The love that sil'er can make
To last, must ha'e sil'er in view :
Should the silly enslaver e'er take the trake,
The love will follow it too.
Oh, talk not o' sil'er, &c.

Oh ! gi'e me the love that can stand,
Tho' friends and fortune look sour !
I'll give it my heart, my welcoming hand,
If honest, tho' ever sae poor !
Oh, talk not o' sillar, &c.

NANNIE'S LAMENT.

BESIDE yon silvery rill that rina
Around the knowes where lambkins play,
Where linties whistle 'mang the whins,
Wi' heavy heart I lanely stray.

I fondly view the violet blue,
 Sweet emblem o' my Willie's e'e!
 His heart was like its colour, true—
 Yet, ah! 'twas form'd to face the sea!

The dewy morn and sunny noon
 Give gay delights to Flora's train;
 Yet a' their bloom an' sweet perfume
 Can never cheer this heart again.
 For I am left, a lanely flower,
 Unshelter'd from the blighting blast,
 To sit forsaken in the bower
 Where first I felt the bliss that's past.

Unfeeling fate! why thus to break
 The tender tie that love endears!
 Why thus my peace and pleasures wreck,
 And dim my sparkling eye with tears!
 Nae mair my cheeks will flush wi' red,
 Nor dimple wi' the heart-felt smile;
 Those blushing flowers are ever fled—
 They seek a warm and drier soil.

O Willie! star of all my hope!
 Thou'rt far beyond the Atlantic sea!

And soon death's dreary blast will crop
The warmest heart e'er wept for thee.

THE COT WHERE ANNIE DWELLS.

YE loom-sprung gentry, when I view
Your stately mansions fair,
I pity much the starving crew
Whose slav'ry plac'd you there!

But yet for your superior lot
My envy never swells;
More dear to me's the lowly cot
Where bonny Annie dwells!

There virtue wears her angel mien,
All modesty and grace;
And nature, partial to the scene,
Out-rivals every place.

The mavis pours his gloaming note,
And wakes the echoing dells;

And smiling love illumines the cot
Where bonny Annie dwells.

I love to roam by wood and wild,
At eve or early dawn,
When the lav'rock and the lambkin mild
Dance o'er the daisied lawn.

LAMENT FOR BURNS.

AIR—Robin Adair.

ONE eve, as I strayed through Doon's sylvan glen,
The warblers were mute, echo slept in her den ;
The withering flowers around
Cold mildews had crown'd ;
They bow'd, an' kiss'd the ground,
Laden wi' pain !

The woods round my path their gay foliage shed ;
The river stole silently o'er its rough bed ;

Nought did my ear assail,
 Save the hoarse murm'ring gale,
 Fraught with the howlet's wail :
 All else seem'd dead.

The clouds of the sunset a sad sable wore ;
 My heart at the sight grew weary and sore :
 I ask'd old nature why
 Dark despair fill'd her eye ?
 She answer'd, with a sigh,
 Burns is no more !

THE POLISH EXILE.

By the way-side, weary, the patriot lay,
 Nor knew where he was, nor knew where to roam ;
 Through the land of the stranger he's destin'd to stray,
 Ne'er to return to his dear native home !

His war-weary head on his toil'd arm reclining,
 His grief-sunken eye on the ground sought repose ;

He thought on his offspring the dungeon confining,
And dropt a warm tear o'er his country's woes.

Foul crimes hath he done—guiltless blood hath he
shed,

That merit such sorrow, such wandering, and pain?
No—he fought on the field where liberty bled!
He fought for the land he can ne'er see again!

O where are the deeds of the noble rewarded?
O where can the patriot fugitive rest?
The world's wide waste he may roam, unregarded:
'Tis only in heaven his wrongs are redrest!

THE BACHELOR :

A BALLAD.

AIN—My mither ment my auld breeks.

My master was an auld Batch,
Baith crabbed and uncivil;
Than kiss a lass, (except when fou')
He'd sooner kiss the d——l.

An' he had gowd and sil'er baith,
 As meikle's fill a barrel;
 A gaudy house, an' grand estate,
 Might serve a duke or earl.

But woman's ways he coudna thole—
 The cause o' a' disasters;
 He'd sneer, an' jeer, an' curse the sex,
 An' ca' them downright wasters.
 But then, again, when he was fu',
 His love was overbearing;
 He'd kiss an' slake about my mou',
 Nae wife nor sil'er fearing.

As I was growing auld mysel',
 An' lovers growing scanty,
 I thought upon my master's house,
 His gear an' sil'er plenty.
 So I got witnesses ae night,
 When he was reeling rarely,
 To hear his tender promises,
 An' see us bedded fairly.

He sought me to his chamber ha',
 An' troth, I didna swither;

But gave a sweet complying smile,

An' aff to bed thegither.

But oh! that morn when he awoke!

Ere he could weel consider,

He drew his arms frae 'bout my neck,

As if he'd touch'd an adder!

“Weel, Bet!” says he, “what brings you here?”

My troth, but you're a trimmer!

Gae, rise, an' mend the kitchen fire,

You lewd lascivious limmer!”

“Na, na, gudeman! do that yoursel'—

I'll rise when I am ready;

I was your servant yesterday,

But now I am your lady!”

But wha could paint his waspish face,

As I the facts were telling!

His miser-moans, his sil'er-shrieks,

Were like a cuddy's yelling!

Wi' rage, he fell upon the floor,

An' gi'ed a roar like thun'er;

But matrimony's chains are strong—

There's few they'll not keep un'er.

Now since his single woes are past,
 An' he has got a babby,
 His looks ha'e quite anither cast,
 His dress is never shabby.
 An' aye he blesses Bet his wife,
 The night she nail'd him till her,
 An' wad na be a Batch again
 For a' his lan' an' sil'er.

SONNET,

On seeing a Wave in Macrahanish Bay,

ROLL on, proud wave, while o'er thy stromy breast
 The snowy Gull thy march of freedom sings;
 Roll on, and gaily blend thy foamy crest
 With fitful glimmerings of the setting sun.
 To me thou art a joy—my spirit springs,
 And wantons wildly in thy fearful fun.
 O that my life were like thee, wild and free—
 Ranging from rock to rock, from isle to isle—
 Spurning as nought presumptuous man's decree—
 Subject alone to heaven's frown and smile!

That wish is vain—fond fancy will outrun
 The race of reason ; but it must recoil.
 Roll on, proud wave, there's more of God in thee
 Than ought on earth I've seen, or e'er will see.

SONNET.—ON SMOKING.

THOUGH misery cries aloud, will I forbear ?
 What ! relinquish all the pleasure of a smoke !
 No—let the beldam bawl, I will not hear ;
 And though a copper coin be all my stock,
 Tobacco I'll not want ; a perfect mock
 To try to bar myself from such a bliss !
 My chiefest pleasure and my cheapest cheer,
 In company or quiet, 'tis ever dear ;
 Though foe to health, yet friend to bashfulness—
 That dire disease which health can ne'er dismiss ;
 So I will love thee for my nature's sake,
 Even though detrimental to a kiss.
 I long to see thee, like a harmless snake,
 Coil'd in my box ! 'tis got, so I'll partake.

TO THE
MEMORY OF ALLAN STEWART.

O SAY not, my friends, that young ALLAN is dead !
It chills the warm blood in my veins !
For although the green turf now covers his head,
His spirit still hovers around, as we tread
The scenes now endear'd by his strains.

His shade still does linger by Cart's winding stream,
Where love's early passion he prov'd ;
When " twilight's soft star on its bosom does beam,"
To lovers unborn, on its banks that may dream,
He will whisper how dearly he lov'd.

" Down Inchinnan Loan," when the soft evening gale
Is fraught with the scent of the " peas,"
On the zephyr's light wing his spirit does sail,
And echo is heard oft-repeating the tale,
Of his love 'neath the old Douglas trees.

“Thy banks, bonny Gryfe!” shall resound with his
praise,

The scene of his childhood’s fleet dream;
Young lovers that woo by the “breckan-bush braes,”
Will cherish his memory, and sing the sweet lays
He gave to his dear native stream!

His voice is still heard in “Glenpatrick’s” cool grove,
’Mid the soft hushing sound of the linn;
And his spirit still dwells in the bower which he wove
With sweet honeysuckle, to shelter his love,
Afar from the town’s stirring din.

Then say not, my friends, that young ALLAN is dead!
It chills the warm blood in my veins!
For although the green turf now covers his head,
His spirit still hovers around, as we tread
The scenes now endear’d by his strains!

D. P.

THE END.

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ALEX. GARDNER, PRINTER, FAISLEY.

**ERRATUM.**

Page 98, line 2, for *earth's*, read *Cartha's*.



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